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# BUFFALO'S HIDEOUS HOLOCAUST.

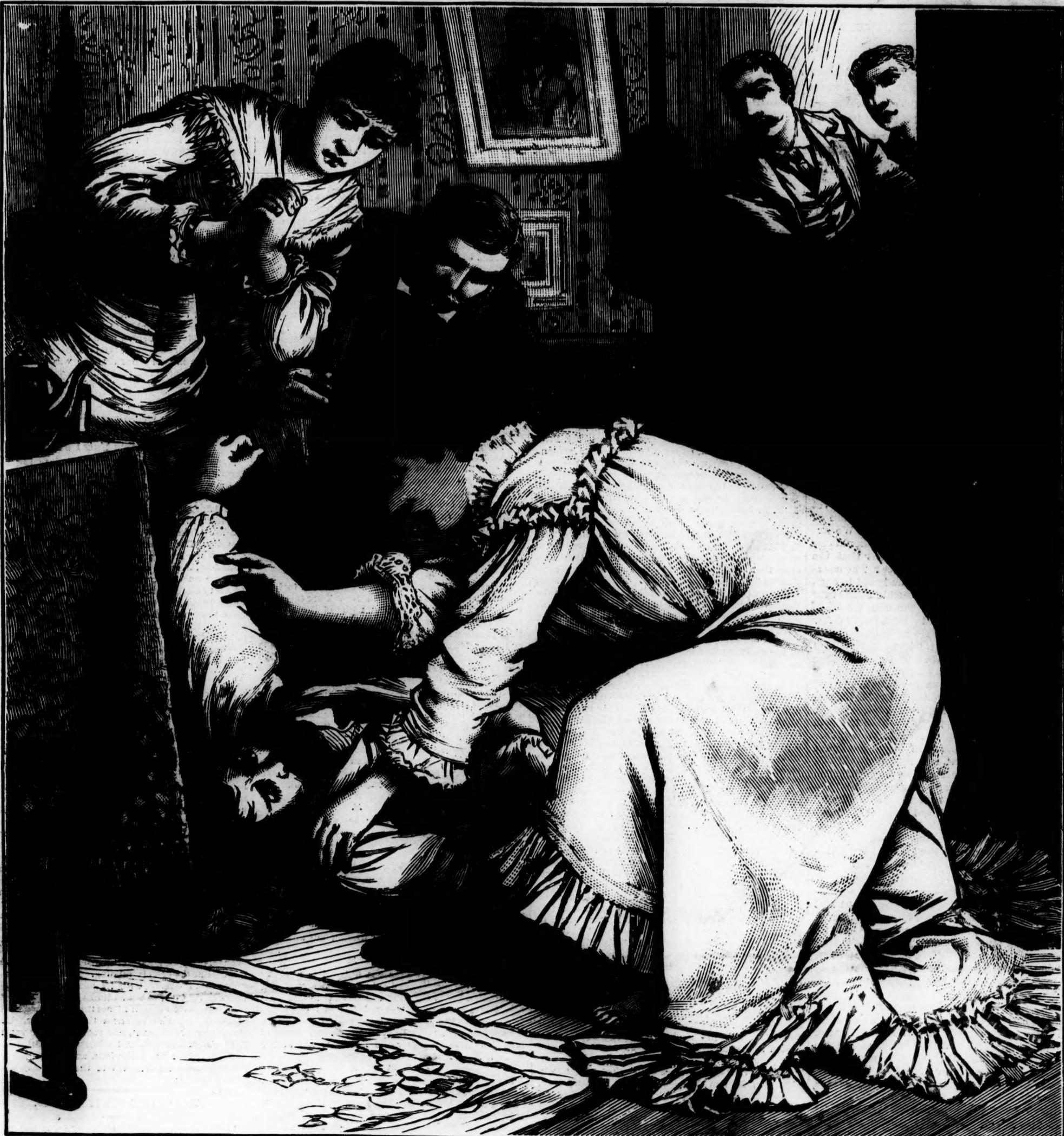
# The National **POLICE GAZETTE** The LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA. Henry W. Fox.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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A WIFE'S WOEFUL DISCOVERY.

MRS. LYMAN S. WEEKS OF BROOKLYN HEARS A PISTOL-SHOT AFTER MIDNIGHT AND FINDS THE BODY OF HER MURDERED HUSBAND DOWNSTAIRS.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE  
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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Franklin Sq., New York.

## THE BUFFALO HORROR.

The year 1887 will surely go down to history as one peculiar in great disasters. The horrors of the accident on the Central Vermont railroad had scarcely ceased to thrill the public when came the terrible one right in the midst of our own community at Roslindale. Western Virginia contributed its share of calamity by the crashing of a bridge, from which an engine was hurled to the ravine below, with loss of life again.

And now Buffalo, N. Y., contributes one of the most hideous of the number of catastrophes which have already made 1887 so notable.

Milwaukee and St. Louis have each had experience in the matter of burning hotels. Who that recalls to mind the details of the fire in the hotel of the former city can fail to notice the similarity in the account. Here is a suggestive passage in the report that comes of the latest horror at Buffalo:

"The whole place burned like a tinder box; the corridor in the center of the building acted as a great funnel, and as the flames streamed up the stairs found themselves imprisoned by a wall of fire." And then follows the horrible details of the cries for help which could not come, and the ghastly record of twenty-five charred corpses, with the hospital lists of injured and dying.

It is painful to read of these things, and yet their very frequency seems to dull the sense of anguish at such a terrible calamity. We are simply getting used to them. Why should one be astonished at the announcement that the whole structure burned like tinder? The country is full of such tinder boxes, designed in such a manner as to afford every possible chance for fire to climb elevators, rush through corridors and passages, and be in full possession in a few minutes after it has made its appearance.

Milwaukee contributes its hotel horror, and for a brief space care is taken to avoid a similar calamity. But time goes on and the lesson is forgotten, and men, women and children crowd into a building which, like the Hotel Richmond at Buffalo, becomes a death-trap, because the experience of former years has been ignored, and the laws of common sense set at defiance.

And so, the hopelessness of any permanent reform being apparent, it is evident that little can be done but to express sympathy with the sufferers and jog along contented that "lightning never strikes twice in the same place," and that "by good luck, if not by good management," the majority of hotels will be safe abiding places, the larger number of railroad bridges are still safe and the loss of life by violence or so-called "accident" bears but a small proportion to the traveling public.

THE New York Sun is performing an out and out astronomical miracle. It rises night and morning. The morning Sun gets up when its office cat is slinking home, and the evening Sun chases away the shadows of the afternoon and adds to the intelligence and happiness of the human race. The evening issue began with great appropriateness (as far as its name goes) on St. Patrick's Day, and went off like hot cakes. Nearly fifty thousand copies were sold, and the success of the new enterprise was assured. The editor of the Evening Sun is Amos J. Cummings, who, in addition to being the cleverest living American journalist, is incidentally a member of Congress and a worker from Workersville. We congratulate Editor Cummings, we congratulate Editor Dana, and we congratulate Business Manager Laffan, who is as full of pluck as he is of enterprise, and who can draw pen and ink and a new million readers with equal facility; and more than that, we are willing to bet a brace of canvas-backs that in less than a year the Evening Sun will be printing over a hundred thousand copies a day.

## STAGE SKIMMINGS.

A slight fire occurred in Mrs. Langtry's residence at 301 West Twenty-third street on Sunday night week ago in the music room. A vase of dry spreading leaves and long grasses stood near a gas jet. While a servant was lighting the gas the flame touched the dry grasses and the vase became a bush of fire. It darted out to the drapery on the silk-covered wall, and for ten minutes there was plenty to do in smothering the conflagration with rugs from the ball. A skin of monstrosity tiger on the floor was charred, the tail of a common bear was eaten away and the polished wood floor was blackened. Pictures of Gladstone, the King of Denmark and the Prince and Princess of Wales, each bearing an autograph were charred. Mrs. Langtry had just finished dining with some friends and was much disturbed at the confusion and the loss. The damage will be hundreds of dollars on articles of intrinsic value, and cannot be estimated on the things whose chief worth was in circumstance and association.

Mr. Harry Jackson isn't much, but up to the time of writing he is all that dramatic society has for the week's resume of infidelity and refined gossip. Mr. Jackson is an actor, that in itself is against him, but Mrs. Jackson says he is also naughty. He has been married since 1879, and Mrs. Jackson is so pretty a woman that if she was not Mrs. Jackson, Mr. Jackson would want her. Miss Florence Western, whose name was much mixed up not long ago, and Miss Carrie Williams, who is said to impersonate Mrs. Jackson in the absence of the original, are neither of them as good looking, yet they do say that Mr. Jackson preferred them to the woman whom he had sworn to love and honor. It is a very old story—the wife, who is an actress, was engaged in her profession touring the country. The husband, lonely and repining, sought Carrie for friendship and advice, and she became so much of a companion that they lived together. Mrs. Jackson heard of the arrangement, confirmed the scandal, and Judge Donohue, of the Supreme Court, told her, legally, that she need not be Mrs. Jackson any longer. She quit. It isn't a very big bubble on a surface that reeks with adultery and crime, but yet dramatic society welcomes it in the absence of something more revolting in detail.

It has been formally announced that the present organization known as the Boston Ideal Opera Company will disband at the close of the present season, and that two companies will be the result of the split. Mr. W. H. Foster will continue in control of one, and Messrs. Tom Karl, W. H. MacDonald, H. C. Barnabee, with Miss Marie Stone, will be at the head of the other. Mr. Foster is the sole proprietor of the old name and will use it. The very, very old members who leave him are sorely pushed for a new title to their aggregation, and in a spirit of kindness and veneration Mr. Eugene Field, of the Chicago News, offers for their consideration the following apt titles: The Massachusetts Historical Society ("United"); the Home for the Aged and Infirm Opera Company; the Olde Folkes Concert Company; the Boston Antique Opera Company; Foster's Reliques of the Old Yankee Song; the Old Chestnuts in New Burns; the Anti Foster Opera Company; Barnabee's Bouquet; the Obelisk Opera Company; the Bunker Hill Benevolent and Protective Opera Company; the Boston Ideals and Ober's Original Own Opera Organization. Mr. Field has long been a fond patron of opera and a staunch friend to the Ideals. As a journalist of research, he is one of the celebrated men of this country, and it is said that from him came the first authentic information relative to the correct musical proportions of Mlle. De Lussan's extremities.

Poor Tracy Titus, who died at the Villa Madre, near Los Angeles, on the fifth instant, was apparently so much benefited by the climate of Lower California that there really seemed to be reason to entertain hope of his permanent recovery. About the middle of February he was well enough to spend most of the day out of doors, and used to play pool in the evenings. He said it seemed strange that he had nothing to do but amuse himself after being "on the road" for upward of twenty years, and he constantly woke up in the morning wondering whether his baggage was checked for the next town. A short time before he finally "handed in his checks" the poor fellow bought a broncho, on which his animal rode every day. He used to say it was nip and tuck between the broncho and himself which should cut the other in two. Tracy was so attenuated that when he stood with his back to the light one could almost see through him, and the angularity of the broncho species of equine is notorious. I fancy the exercise was too severe for his enfeebled frame, but it seemed to do him good. The improvement, however, was the last flicker of the expiring candle, and he passed away peacefully enough. Tracy was one of the best-natured men in the profession and had a multitude of friends who sincerely regret his death.

Count Leo Tolstoi, the former head of the Russian Secret Police, has written a blood curdling drama, which is to be produced after Easter in St. Petersburg. It is called "The Power of Darkness; or, The Bird With Trimmed Claws Is Lost." Count Tolstoi must be a person of singularly sanguinary imagination, and can outdo Zola Zola in nastiness. The story of "The Power of Darkness" is that of a woman who poisons her husband, a well-to-do peasant who is afflicted with cancer, that she may be able to marry one of her farm laborers with whom she has fallen in love. This man's mother supplies the potion for carrying out the scheme, but her son is ignorant of the plot and murders the murderer. When he learns the facts he is naturally disgusted, takes to drink, and becomes decidedly brutal. He discards his wife and makes her young idiot daughter his mistress. This gives a faint idea of the repulsiveness of the play.

The long contested will case, in which the family history of Charles Rawson, the dead sporting man, was thoroughly ventilated, has been brought to an end, and the older sister, Mrs. Fannie Wheeler, has inherited the larger part of the property in question. Mrs. Wheeler, when Victorienne Du Bois, or something equally sweet in sound, was a ballet dancer, and after a wandering stage life, interspersed by two precarious marriages, settled down with her mother in New Jersey. She is now "resting," and "well fixed." Managers in search of a star and a little money to start out with, are informed that Mrs. Wheeler has \$12,000 and many a play has been written around her.

Sarah Bernhardt's sojourn in tropical climates seems to have resulted in a more than ordinary desire for an abundant supply of caloric. The other evening, although the auditorium at the Star theatre was densely crowded and the temperature was very high, the actress insisted that she was chilled to the bone—it doesn't take the cold long to get to Sarah's bones—and could not possibly play unless there was more heat on the stage. Consequently the engineer was ordered to make all the steam possible, and the theatre speedily became like the interior of the burning fiery furnace into which King Nebuchadnezzar ordered the recalcitrant Jews to be cast. Two ladies fainted outright in the audience, and everybody else was in a dem'd uncomfortable condition. But Mme. Sarah was satisfied, and manifestly her personal comfort was the principal consideration.

Ben Teal has been engaged by Billy Hayden to direct the production of a new melodrama called "The Still Alarm," written by A. C. Wheeler, which will be produced at Niblo's Garden after the engagement of Lawrence Barrett in May. The piece has nothing to do with whisky or moonlighters, as might be inferred from its name, but is described as being "purely local," with a fire scene in it, during which a steamer will be driven at the usual speed across the stage.

Tony Pastor has at last bagged the rascal who has for some time given him no end of trouble in representing himself to be Mr. Pastor's business manager, Harry Sanderson. The man's name is Walter Gray and he hails from 621 VanBuren street, Chicago. How any one could mistake this Gray for handsome and genial Harry is about as difficult for me to understand as it is why out-of-town managers, usually bright and intelligent men, should be taken in when Mr. Pastor has taken the trouble to publish a caution against this fraud.

Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake visited the Forrest Home at Holmesburg recently and generally spent an interesting time looking over historical relics. Mme. Michaels presented Miss Eastlake with a train of stage diamonds, and the superintendent was very enthusiastic over the visit and went so far as to notice that, while artists such as Modjeska, Eastlake, and Wilson Barrett, etc., took the trouble to visit the home, the notable American artists never went near it and showed no interest about it.

It is too bad that such an extremely clever and talented soubrette as Mlle. Frankie Kemble undoubtedly is, should be so handicapped by unsuitable plays. Her talents are of the highest order. She is bright, vivacious and ambitious, and when she has a good play, she will achieve the success that she deserves so fully.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Burgess and Mr. and Mrs. George Stoddard have taken apartments in Thirteenth street. Recently an attempt was made to burn Mr. Burgess' country-seat in the Navesink Highlands. The family were absent, but one of the people in charge happened to get up in the middle of the night and discovered that the hen-house adjoining the barn was on fire. A strong wind was blowing, and a few minutes later, but for the fortunate discovery, a disastrous conflagration, including many fine residences, would have resulted. Old clothes saturated with kerosene had been thrown into the hen-house and fired.

Melbourne McDowell, who looks so superb in his uniform of the Surgeon-General in "Held by the Enemy," was with Fanny Davenport in Fedora for a number of years. He has a magnificent physique and an elegant stage appearance. It is said he can lift five chairs, piled on each other, off the floor with his right or left arm, and can easily "muscle" three chairs. He is built from the ground up, and is as solid as a keg of nails. It is said that the champion lifter of East St. Louis will challenge Melbourne McDowell, the heavy lifter of Held by the Enemy.

The eccentric Bernhardt does not appear to have been happy since her advent in New York this time. It seems that on the very first night of the engagement the furniture to be used in "Fedora" was far from pleasing her. Each one of the parties concerned endeavored to put the blame on the other, though it really belonged to Bernhardt's stage manager. He did not give a list of what he desired to decorate the stage with until the very last moment and the result was the rather impoverished setting of scenes. Mme. Bernhardt insisted upon seeing Mr. Moses, the manager of the theatre, who listened plausibly for about fifteen minutes to a tirade from the lips of the divine Sarah and then told her in English that he hadn't understood word she was saying. This sufficed to make her a living fury, and unfortunately just at this moment Mr. Maurice Grau, who is her own manager and who is a thorough French scholar, arrived upon the stage.

In an instant he had realized what was happening, and much preferring that Mr. Moses should continue to receive the onslaught, endeavored to pass out without being seen. But the quick eye of the furious woman caught him retreating form, and it is recorded as a sacred fact that for the next half hour the somewhat vitiated air of the Star theatre stage became positively sulphurous, while the unresisting Grau continued to receive a verbal chastisement which the people of the company saw was even more acute than the drubbing Mme. Bernhardt had given her leading lady and rival in Rio Janeiro some months ago.

Mrs. James Brown Potter has finished her studies for the dramatic stage, and only requires a manager to introduce her to the public. It is none of our business, but to a man up a tree it looks as though Mr. James Brown Potter would act the part of a wise man if he should take upon himself the management of Mrs. James Brown Potter and introduce her to her home in New York.

The ghost-like Sarah Bernhardt is a generous liver. She has coffee and rolls before rising, and at 11 o'clock takes a hearty breakfast, with claret. She dines well at 5 o'clock and has a supper after hours, usually nothing more than bouillon, cold meats and fruit.

The late John Brougham, a sterling actor and author, has been credited with the origin of many "unsuccessful pieces." It is now reported that "Ruddy Gore" is partly based on a burlesque called the "Blood Red Mark," which Brougham produced some twenty-five years ago.

## OUR PICTURES.

## A Mysterious Crime.

We illustrate on another page the mysterious attack with a sand bag made on Miss Ernestine Smith, on West Sixty-ninth street.

## Making a Naval Cadet Drink Ink.

A court martial at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, is investigating charges of hazing preferred by Naval Cadet John R. Edie, fourth class man, against Chas. W. Potter of the third class. The court, through the Judge Advocate, Lieut. Miles, expects to prove that Potter entered Edie's room, and, throwing him on the floor, compelled him to drink ink. Edie was appointed by President Cleveland last May.

## Aesthetic Young Boston Ladies.

Among those who visited the scene of the recent accident near Boston were three young ladies who had in some manner avoided the vigilance of the police and thereby secured three large boards from the side of a car, which they intended to decorate their homes with as bric-a-brac made out of a portion of the wreck. Everybody who visited the scene carried away a portion of the wreckage as mementos, while many ludicrous incidents occurred.

## The Canadian Style.

A Toronto shoplifter was recently captured in Montreal, and she panned out remarkably well. In a pocket three feet long was an assortment of spoons, thread, lace and other valuables. Her attire was formed of two bed sheets, a lady's beautiful hat and a colored glass jug. Her trunks contained bed clothes, all kinds of wearing apparel, brushes, combs, over 1,000 rolls of thread, a large bag of needles, pins, etc., 50 pounds of soap, matches, fancy cards, glassware, table goods, feathers, bottles and jars of preserves.

## A Cow in an Auction Room.

About 6 o'clock the other evening, while a boy was driving a cow along the crowded street in the neighborhood of Tenth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, the animal became frightened at the passing vehicles and sought refuge in the auction store of Ellis & Shaw, where she roamed around 'mid pianos, furniture, china, etc., in a manner quite reckless of consequences. Upon seeing her portly figure reflected in numerous mirrors, she became pacified by the apparent comeliness thus established, and with some coaxing was finally persuaded to take her departure, mid the cheers of the crowd who had congregated to witness the scene.

## Sisters With the Same Man for Husband.

On Monday week Leroy Henry of Ruby, Mich., was married to Annie Harris in the presence of a Justice and a woman who said she was Annie's sister. Subsequently it was learned that all three were living together, and there was talk of using the reformatory powers of tar and feathers. The other night, however, there was trouble in the household itself, and Annie's sister was driven from the house. Next day the newly-married couple left for Utah and the woman left behind showed proof that she was Henry's legal wife, having been married to him several years. She said she consented to Henry's marriage with her sister because all three had fallen under the influence of a Mormon elder who had been preaching in Ruby. She believes that Henry and her sister will go to Salt Lake City.

## A Prisoner's Fatal Jump.

Nathan Falk, a traveling salesman, was the morning of March 14 arraigned before Justice Sales, at Denver, Col., charged with the larceny of 3,000 cigars, and was held in a bond of \$500 to appear before the Grand Jury. After the decision was pronounced the prisoner, in company with Constable Levy, started for the Chamber of Commerce Library to procure security. The pair ascended the stairway to the third story, when Falk turned around suddenly and said: "Good-by, Levy," and then threw himself over the banister and fell to the basement floor, 70 feet below. In his terrible flight he struck the balustrade on the lower landings, from which he was thrown head first upon the stair post in the basement. His scalp was completely torn from the left side of his head, and his skull fractured so that a portion of the brain protruded. Besides this, no bones were broken, but he is injured internally and cannot recover.

## A Horrible Vision.

Edward Unger, who was sent to Sing Sing for life a month ago for the murder of August Bohle, is now in the hospital of the prison, a sufferer from nervous prostration, and almost a maniac. He killed his room mate, cut him up, and sent him away in a trunk. His physical strength before his trial was great, and his steadiness of nerve in court was surprising; but his stamina is all gone, and he has become a miserable, cowering wreck. On his first morning in prison he told a keeper that he had been visited during the night by his dismembered victim, who had proceeded to reconstruct himself in the terrified victim's presence. Of this delusion he could not be disabused. He firmly believed it was reality. Every night it came to him, and at the end of a week the superstitious convict was delirious. In the hospital he has been the same with him, except when he is kept under narcotic influence. Every night he has seen mangy pieces of his friend strewn about the room, where they lie awhile inanimate, as they die before he packed them in the trunk and threw the head into the river. Then the fragments begin to quiver. Soon they move slowly toward each other until they are in a ghastly heap. Next, they adjust themselves into a human form. But the head is missing. At length that too comes into the room, with its hair dripping with the water of the river in which it has lain. With a horrible smile on his face, it places itself on the shoulders of the figure, and menaces the murderer. Unger shrieks out at this point, and the apparition vanishes from his imagination. All efforts have failed to relieve him of these awful visions, and the prison physician advises his removal to the State asylum for lunatic criminals.

## THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the "Police Gazette" rules which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be squarely fought to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained free on application to Richard K. Fox, Police Gazette Publishing House, Franklin Square, New York.

## THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and  
Woman's Worse than  
Weakness.



Mrs. Bishop's Story.

Mrs. Washington Irving Bishop, nee Miss Mack, and intermediately Mrs. Loud, the wife of the mind reader, is at the home of her mother, No. 92 White street, East Boston. She tells a pathetic story of why she went home. When Mr. Bishop, first fresh from his European triumphs, went to Boston they were married. She says he told her that she was his first and only love.

"Washy said I was one of the best subjects he ever had," said she to a correspondent, "as he could do what he wished with me. I had to consent when he asked me to marry him."

After a month Mr. Bishop began his New England tour and she, as the alleged being left alone, began to call on and receive calls from some of her new acquaintances. Then she says she learned that Bishop had been married before and that the love he bore her was simply warmed-over affection, which had once belonged to another, now the wife of one of Boston's theatrical managers. When she accused him of deception he laughingly told her that she should not complain, as she too had been married before. She pressed him and he would not deny or affirm the charge of a former marriage.

Then after they went to New York she says she learned that he had a daughter nearly sixteen years of age.

Then she learned of his physical condition and she determined to flee to the far West. She got as far as Detroit, where her money and her resolution gave out. Here she spent a small fortune in telegrams and finally her mother sent her money to return to Boston. She reached there last week. Since this she has been busy looking up the record of her husband at the office of the City Register, where there is a record of the marriage intentions of Mr. Bishop and Miss Mack. In this Mr. Bishop gives his age and occupation, and says the marriage which he contemplated was his first and up to that date his only one. Miss Mack on the contrary asserts that she had been married once before and divorced. These records placed against the assertion made by Mr. Bishop in which he says he intends to get a divorce and marry his first wife, seem to indicate that mind-readers do not always read themselves. She has also hunted up the child of Mr. Bishop, and says she has established a full-chain of evidence enough to obtain a divorce.

## HE WAS LIKE A CYCLONE.

Francis Joseph Johnson Turns Himself Loose in a Fashionable Brooklyn Boarding-House.

[Subject of Illustration.]

When Mrs. Gloucester died, a few years ago in Brooklyn, with the undisputed reputation of being the wealthiest colored woman in America, her daughters, Miss Adelaide and Miss Louise Gloucester, continued to run the fashionable boarding house known as the Remsen House, at 144 Remsen street, which their mother started, and in which she died. Since Mrs. Gloucester's death the dimensions of the house have been contracted, the Hamilton Club having purchased one wing of the property and erected on it a \$200,000 club house. No. 144, however, is still one of the pretentious brown-stone houses on the block, and the Misses Gloucester still maintain it as one of the fashionable boarding-houses on the Heights. Mr. Johnson lived there and Gen. Catlin was a boarder in the fall of 1865 when making his unsuccessful canvass for Mayor.

Something like an earthquake visited the house recently and caused widespread wreck and ruin. The plate glass windows in the Remsen street door and in the front parlor, as well as the windows in the dining room looking out on Clinton street, together with the sashes, were shattered to atoms. The eight tables in the dining room were upset, and with their wilderness of casters, china and glassware were pounded into a mass of debris. A small room off the dining room whose shelves were covered with china and glassware looked as if a cyclone had visited it. The shelves themselves were torn from the wall, and their contents thrown on the floor in complete wreck. The scene in the main parlor was in perfect keeping with the other surroundings. The handsome furniture, the chandelier ornaments, clocks, vases, statues, pictures and endless knick-knacks which Mrs. Gloucester had been years in collecting shared in the general ruin.

All this destruction was wrought soon after 12 o'clock, when the boarders were awaiting the sound of the gong to summon them to luncheon, and all was the result of a sudden outburst of rage on the part of Franklin Joseph Johnson, a negro, who is employed by the Misses Gloucester to attend to the fires. Miss Adelaide Gloucester reproved Johnson for spitting in a coal scuttle, and when he told her that he would do so again she ordered him out of the house at once. He

demanded his wages, and when she refused to pay him before the end of the week he broke into a wild frenzy of abuse, and rushing up stairs began an attack on the windows, furniture and tables with big chairs and whatever he could lay his hands on.

All the male boarders were absent at the time, and the ladies were so much frightened that they ran to the top floors, locked and barricaded the doors, and opening the windows screamed for assistance.

There was intense excitement in the neighborhood, and when Police Sergeant Dodge arrived he had to force his way to the front stoop through a crowd of 400 or 500 excited people. Peering through the shattered glass in the door the sergeant saw a medium-sized wild-eyed negro; with a very black face and a long beard in the hall with a portion of a broken chair in his uplifted hands, the perspiration pouring down his face and an ugly-looking open jack knife sticking out of his waistcoat pocket.

The sergeant stood warily on guard with his club in readiness, expecting that he had a maniac to deal with, and he prepared to strike a stunning blow. He was therefore surprised when the negro at once dropped the chair, and coming forward opened the door. Johnson surrendered without a struggle, and dropping the jack knife on the carpet, allowed himself to be walked off by another policeman through the wondering crowd. The perspiration was still pouring from him when he reached the Adams street station. He had a full realization of what he had done, and after recounting the trouble he had in the basement with Miss Gloucester he gave this explanation:

"I went up stairs, took a chair and swept the deck. It was well for those women that they did not interfere. If they had I would have cut them to pieces. I made up my mind that no one should take me out of that house except a policeman."

Miss Gloucester says \$1,500 would not pay for the damage to furniture and windows. Johnson is about forty years old, and has been a sailor. He was recommended to the Misses Gloucester at the beginning of the winter by a friend of the family.

## MARY ANDERSON AT REST.

A Large and Sympathetic Gathering at the Funeral of the Murdered Girl.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The last sad rites over the body of Mary C. Anderson were performed March 16 at Mount Holly, and she was laid to rest in the picturesque cemetery on the hill just outside the village of Lumberton in the burial lot of the Anderson family. Despite the blustery March weather there was a large crowd in attendance. Owing to the limited accommodations of the Anderson house the body was removed to the residence of Caleb S. Huff, just opposite, which was crowded almost to suffocation by the relatives and friends.

The body lay in a plain black casket, on top of which was a beautiful cross of white roses. The disfiguring marks of the bullet and the surgeon's knife were hidden by the skill of the undertaker, and beyond a slight yellowish cast the face of the dead girl was almost lifelike. Many tears were shed at the recollection of her sad fate as the crowd filed through the room, and several bent over and imprinted a kiss on the pale face. A brief sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Porter, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Mount Holly, in which he alluded to her many good qualities and the sad ending of her young life.

Then her father and sister took a parting glance, the lid was put on the coffin, the pallbearers—Caleb S. Huff, John Butterworth, J. L. Jameson and Charles Huff—removed it to the hearse, and the procession moved off. There were a great many in carriages, but a far greater number who followed beside the cortège on foot all the way to the cemetery.

Under the impression that the funeral would pass through Mount Holly, a crowd of over a thousand people had gathered at the junction of two roads, and in order to avoid passing through it the funeral director decided to take another route and escape any possible interruption, but in reaching the cemetery at Lumberton a still larger crowd awaited them.

A number of requests were made to have the coffin opened in order to give the crowd an opportunity to gaze at the dead girl, but they were refused, and the coffin was lowered into the grave. The Rev. Dr. Porter then made a prayer and the funeral was over.

It was expected that some member of the Peak family would be present at the funeral, as they were closely related, but none of them appeared. "Bart Peak" was informed of the funeral by the turnkey at the jail, and he received the announcement with the utmost indifference, only remarking "that he supposed there would be a large turnout."

## MISS DAISY BELMONT.

[With Portrait.]

Among all the dashing celebrities of the arena there is not one more prepossessing than pretty little Daisy Belmont, who is just now the bright, particular equestrienne star at the Madison Square Garden. During the past few years there have been but few accessions to the ranks of professional lady riders in the circus, and especially those combining ease, grace and elegance on a bareback horse, and Miss Belmont, who is only seventeen years of age, is a most delightful acquisition. She is as light and graceful as a fairy, and rides with an abandon that is perfectly captivating. She is also possessed of a remarkable degree of talent in various ways, and plays the banjo, dances, does an act on a revolving globe, and has since babyhood been a constant worker and a leading feature in several of the largest circuses. She has traveled extensively, and in her professional pursuits has visited Australia and many other foreign countries. This is her second season with Adam Forepaugh, in whose company she has become a great social favorite.

## HOW HE CAUGHT HER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is a sensation brewing in Atlanta, Ga., which bids fair to rival the most sensational divorce of the century. Dr. Manahan, a physician with an exclusive practice, on Peach-tree street, is unpleasantly mixed up in the affair, though he stoutly maintains his innocence. Capt. W. G. McClellan is prominent, because of his high business and family relations. He is also the husband of a wife both piquant and prepossessing. For some reason or other, McClellan has long suspected his wife of conduct not conjugal. A few nights since he made up his mind to do a little sharp work. He stayed out until the hour when all good wives should

be in bed, and then softly approaching the window, gently turned the blinds and beheld the two in bed.

Beckoning a confederate to the spot, he made sure of his facts. McClellan then rushed around into the house, knocked in the door, and to the astonished boarders who gathered around in their night robes, he declared that Dr. Manahan was the extra person in the bed, and Manahan, who was on the spot, declared that he was brought there by the woman's screams, and she was calling for help from her husband, whom she was speeding through the window. For several days the matter has been town talk, but the belief in Manahan's innocence being so strong it failed to reach the public through the press. McClellan has instituted suit for divorce from his wife on the grounds above set forth, while Mrs. McClellan filed a cross bill denying the facts alleged, and alleging continued cruelty on the part of her husband. Prominent attorneys have been employed, and the facts, about which there is much dispute, will have to be settled in court.

## ON A LARK.

A Young Woman With More Nerve Than Discretion Takes in the Town.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The heroine of the adventure illustrated on another page is a young society girl who has decided to see something of life outside the restricted limits of the drawing room. She has the curiosity peculiar to her sex concerning the things that lie outside of conventional society, and, having both nerve and persistence, she succeeded a short time ago in "taking in the town" pursuant to the determination long since firmly fixed. After throwing out several cautious "feelers" she at last found a young gentleman who was willing to pilot her through the devious intricacies of amusement set apart and known only to "the boys." It was decided that some sort of disguise would be necessary, and male attire was chosen as the most convenient. The immediate objective point was a certain theatre tabooed in polite society. It was agreed that the young lady should make her toilet at home, and meet her friend at the corner of 14th street and Broadway, at 7:30 o'clock in the evening. At the hour appointed the young gentleman wended his way out Fourth avenue, but had no sooner reached the point of rendezvous than he was met by two of his pals, and the following dialogue ensued:

Smith and Jones (cheerfully)—"Hello, Brown, which way?"

Brown (uneasily)—"Well, I'm waiting for a friend, and we are going round to the B—."

Smith (more cheerfully)—"That's where we are going, and we'll wait for you."

Brown (nervously looking at his watch)—"He may not be here for some time yet; he didn't know just when he could get off."

Jones—"O, we are in no hurry."

Just then Brown saw a diminutive figure walking briskly toward him. As the two friends were acquainted with the young lady, he felt that nothing short of an earthquake could prevent a fiasco.

The figure came nearer, scanned the three faces and taking a cigarette from its mouth, said, carelessly, "Hello, Brown."

The intrepid example of his charge infused new courage into Brown, who rallied, and formally introduced his friend Thompson, of Chicago, and the party proceeded upon their way. To say that the evening was hilarious is drawing it mild. After the theatre, there was supper at the restaurant, and toward morning the party took in a mask ball. Whether Brown was too much accustomed to such orgies to be affected by the beverages imbibed, or was laboring under an uneasy sense of responsibility to his charge, is not known, but he managed to keep fairly sober, and saw, with increasing dismay, that the young lady was bent upon exhausting the possibilities of the situation. As he saw her take on the limpness peculiar to an advanced stage of intoxication, and reflected that her father was a man to whom it might be difficult to explain things, a cold perspiration bedewed him from head to foot, and he swore a solemn oath that never again would he undertake to chaperon a woman under the same circumstances. Just before daylight a carriage stopped before an aristocratic residence, and from it Brown cautiously emerged with his charge. But he had not acquitted himself, by simply bringing her home. It was found necessary to see her safely upstairs, and with much trepidation her escort addressed himself to the task. It was tedious not to say very perilous, but it was finally accomplished. She was at last safe in her own room, and Brown, limp and weak from the tension of mind and muscle, once more entered the back. When the driver inquired where he would be driven, Brown indicated a point which, on account of its climate, is usually visited only under compulsion. Just how the story leaked out is not known, but it is supposed that the young lady was recognized by Smith and Jones, in spite of her disguise, and they, being under no obligations to keep silent, told the story as a good joke.

## YOUNG WHISTLER.

[With Portrait.]

Young Whistler, champion Greco-Roman wrestler of the Pacific coast, was born Jan. 11, 1869, in San Francisco. Although only eighteen years old and weighing 120 pounds, Whistler is an all-round athlete and has never been beaten by any one in a Greco-Roman.

Whistler commenced his career as a wrestler in 1882, when he met and defeated Muldoon. After this he met and defeated the following men: Mike Connolly, Frank Willey, George Pixley, young Cannon, Max Green, H. C. Grant, Henry Morgan, Capt. Gaston, Prof. Hardness, Andrew Watson, Harry Maynard, W. Gibbs, Joe Hamilton, William Pedro, Edward McDonald, William Stone, Frank Shields, C. Lee Baltz, William Schafer, Jimmy Cannon and Frank Chonfrau. He offered to wrestle Arthur Ferde, Frank King, James Glass, Adam Butler, and Wm. Shulte. In addition to his wrestling abilities, he is a swordsman of no mean order, and has won several contests with the sword. The late and famous Clarence Whistler is the man who first brought young Whistler out. He has wrestled with the famous Green brothers, and is open to meet any man in the world of his weight at Greco-Roman. Whistler has traveled all over the United States and Territories, and he is now on his way to Australia.

## BEER AND THE BALLET.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The graphic illustration of these two subjects on another page tells its own story.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



John F. Chase.

There are few battle-scarred veterans of the civil war who can show forty-eight wounds. Perhaps the only one is Private John F. Chase, of the Fifth Maine Battery, who is so well known throughout the State. The heroic Chase received these terrible wounds on the battle-field of Gettysburg on the third day of the fight, on Cemetery Hill, from a rebel shell. Above we print a good picture of the gallant cannoneer.

## Alfred Samuelson Franklin.

In this issue we present our readers with a portrait of Alfred Samuelson Franklin, who claims to be the champion skater of the world and ready to meet Paulsen, Black, Dowd or McCormick.

## Alexander Crawford.

The daily press has published the full details of the brutal killing of R. V. Loggins, of Winona, Miss., by the colored fiend, Alexander Crawford, who was taken by a mob and lynched on the 7th inst. for the terrible deed.

## Captains Crosby and Samuels.

We print elsewhere the portraits of the gallant commanders of the two yachts, which are racing across the ocean for a big boodle. Captain Crosby of the Coronet, and Captain Samuels of the Dauntless. Last week we published a picture of both yachts.

## Jimmy Mitchell.

We publish this week a portrait of Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia, the light-weight champion pugilist of America, who is now matched to fight Paddy Smith, of Brooklyn, for \$1,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, representing the light-weight championship of America. Mitchell is well known to the fistle fraternity, and for the past two years he has had a standing challenge to fight any man in America for the light-weight championship, and Arthur Chambers, his backer, has always had his money up to back him.

## Royboy.

We give an illustration, taken from a photograph, of the Scotch collie shepherd dog Royboy, A. K. R. 2,961, who carried off the champion prize at the Buffalo show last week. This dog is owned by the Associated Fanciers of Philadelphia. He is of a beautiful sable and white color, and was bred by J. J. Stewart of Clifton, Eng., one of the most famous breeders of Scotch collies. His pedigree cannot be excelled, and his career in this country has been a most remarkable one, he having won premier honors at Philadelphia, 1885; Pittsburg, 1886, and New Haven, 1886. He was trained in Scotland to drive both cattle and sheep. He is valued at \$1,000.

## The Champion Bobs.

On another page will be found a capital photograph of the champion coasting sleigh of Cohoes, the Richard K. Fox, with excellent portraits of the following named members of the club: John H. Sheehan, Thos. McGuiness, Joseph Riely, Thos. Lynch and Thos. Gero, honorary members; Daniel Flanagan, reporter; Alie Davidson, mascot; Wm. Nolan, secretary; Michael Rafferty, Thomas B. Dowd, Thos. Cunningham; Chas. McMerwood, tillerman; Chas. Maurines, Wm. Dodge, Jas. Cunningham; Thos. McCarthy, songman; John Cunningham, captain; Wm. B. Maurines; Daniel Aitken, president; John B. Nolan; Timothy Galvin, brakeman; Arthur Monahan, quite a sport; G. W. Chapman, & turfman, and Mat Sheridan, our undertaker.

## The Neal-Buck Affair.

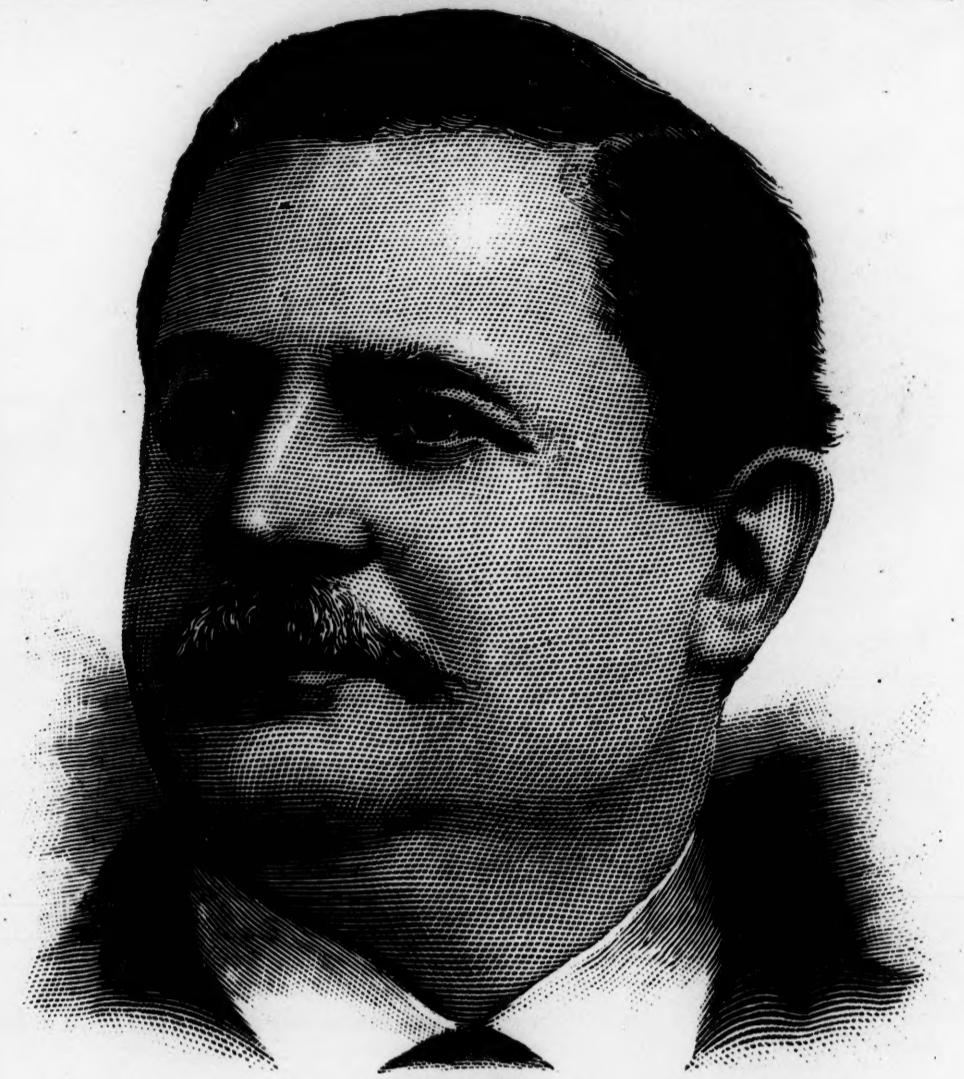
The particulars of the shooting affair which occurred at Farmer City, Ill., March 3, are not easily obtained, as one of the participants has not since been seen there and the other refuses to divulge. The most authentic rumor alleges that Frank Buck had more than once been seen going into and coming out of Frank Rawlings' residence at unseemly hours and when it was known that Mr. R. was away from home. This coming to the ears of Marshal M. B. Neal, whose wife is a sister to Mrs. R., so stirred the blood of the worthy marshal that he determined to put a stop to it. Accordingly, about four o'clock on the morning named, it is claimed he caught Buck emerging from Rawlings' residence, when a tussle ensued, which ended in Mr. Neal receiving a shot in the thigh, his wrist grazed by another and Buck making his escape for parts unknown.

## CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.



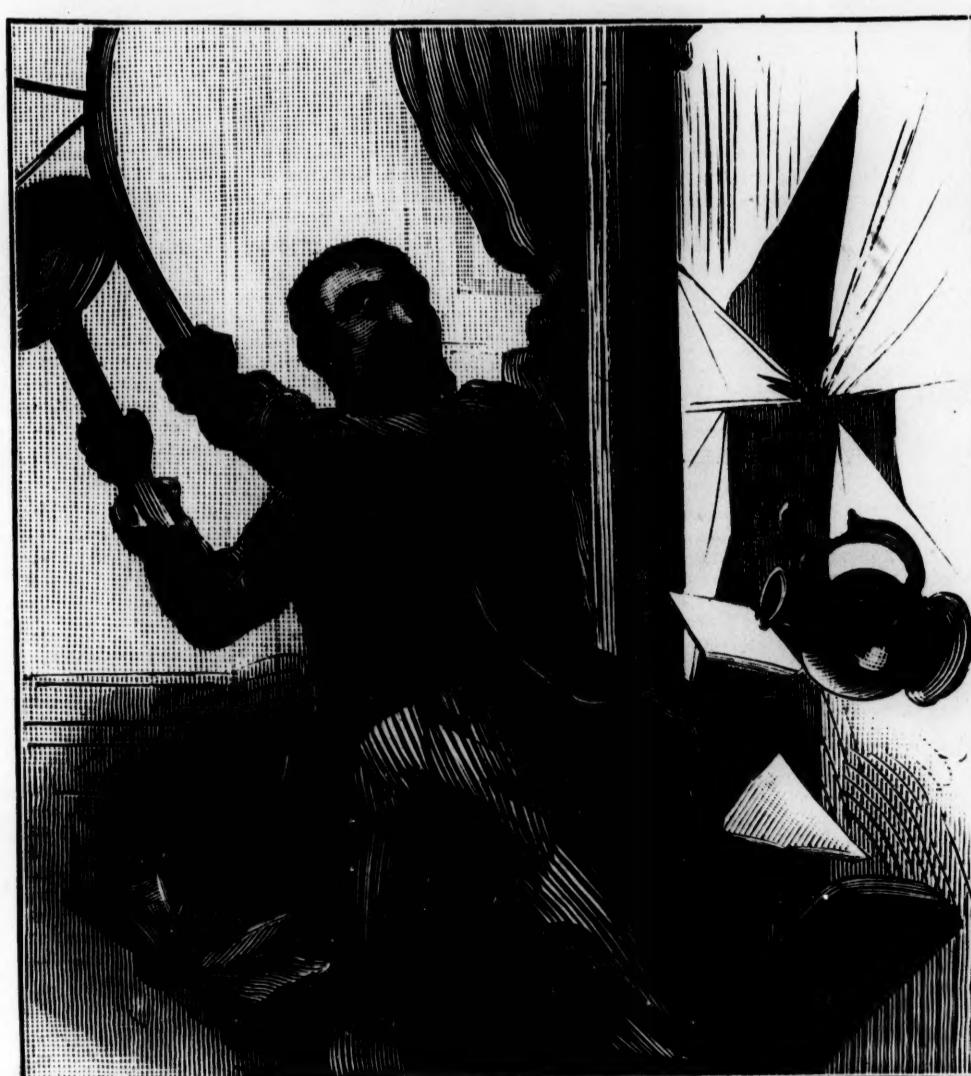
DAISY BELMONT,  
THE BRIGHT PARTICULAR STAR OF THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARENIC  
FIRMAMENT.



TONY PASTOR,  
THE WORLD-FAMOUS MANAGER AND MIME WHO IS EVERYBODY'S FRIEND.



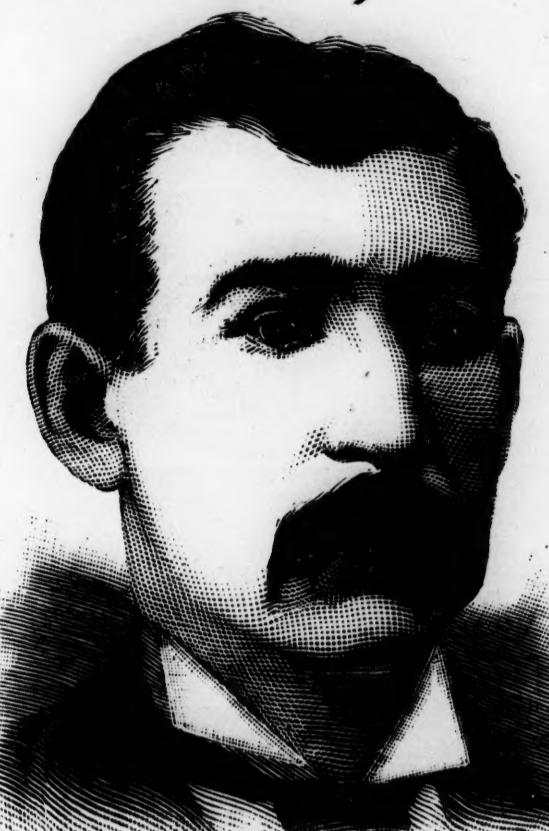
WAS SHE KIDNAPED?  
MISS ELLA BLOTTENBERG OF DILLSBURG, PA., IS ABDUCTED FROM HER REFUGE  
AT INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.



HE WAS LIKE A CYCLONE.  
FRANCIS JOSEPH JOHNSON, A COLORED WAITER, TURNS HIMSELF LOOSE IN A  
FASHIONABLE BROOKLYN BOARDING HOUSE.



HE SEES HIM YET.  
THE HORRIBLE NIGHTLY VISION WHICH HAUNTS THE CELL IN SING SING OF  
MURDERER EDWARD UNGER.



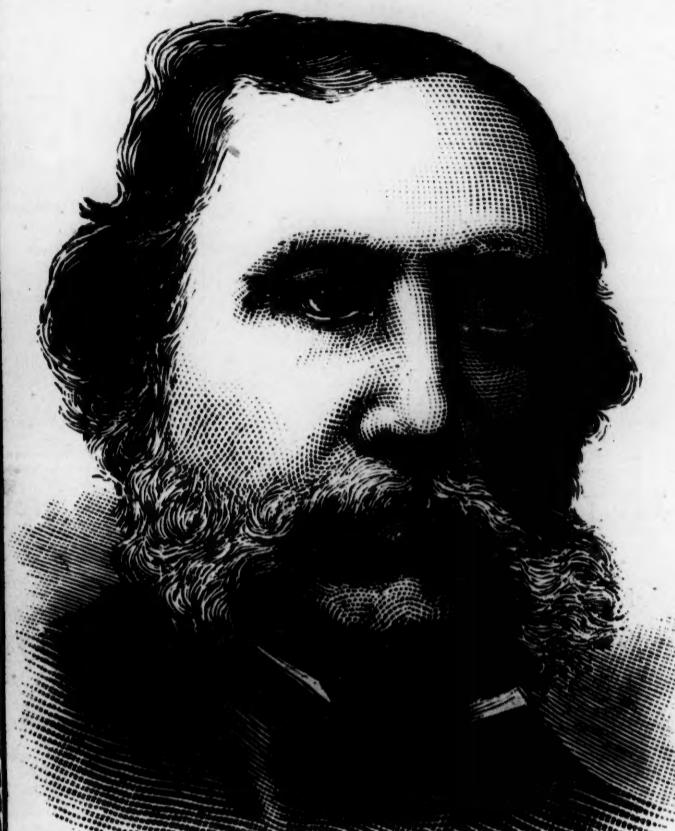
M. B. NEAL,

WHO IT IS ALLEGED WAS SHOT BY FRANK BUCK IN HIS SKIPPING ACT, FARMER CITY, ILL.



AT REST.

THE LARGELY ATTENDED FUNERAL OF MURDERED MARY ANDERSON OF MT. HOLLY, N. J.



CAPTAIN SAMUELS,

THE BRAVE OLD SKIPPER OF THE "DAUNTLESS" WHO WILL GIVE THE "CORONET" A STIFF RACE.



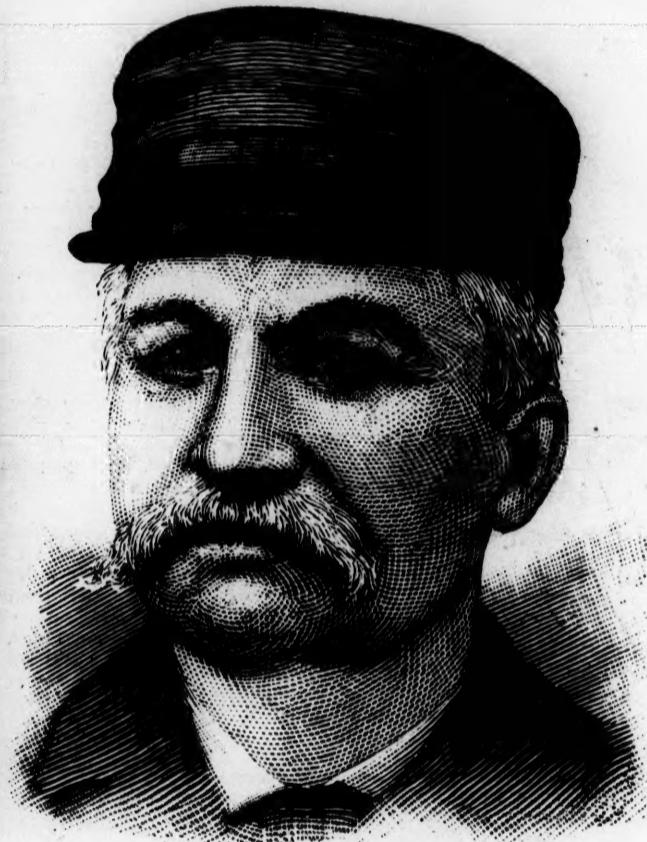
MRS. ELLA RAWLINGS,

THE LADY WHO IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE GREAT ATTRACTION FOR FRANK BUCK, FARMER CITY, ILL.



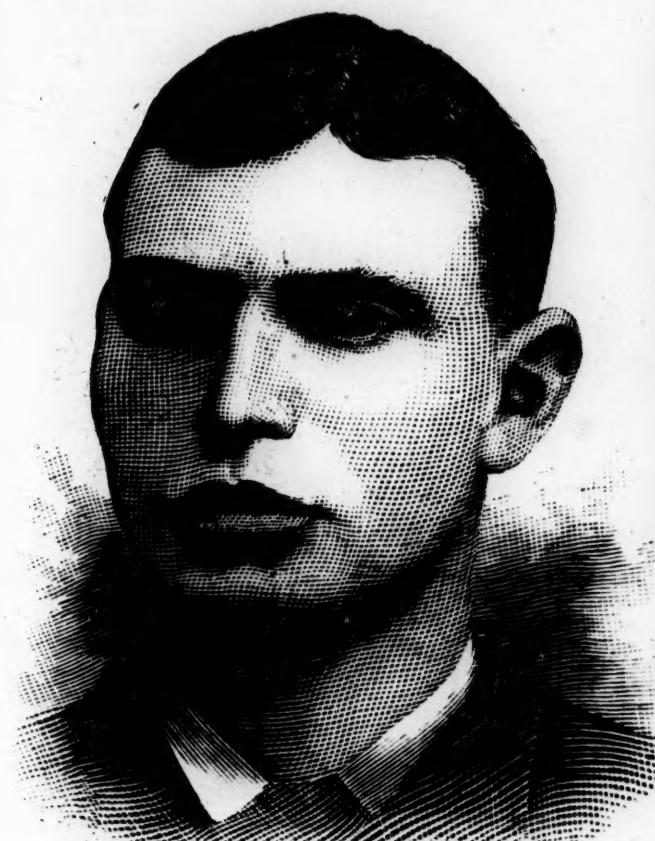
THEY MADE HIM DRINK INK.

THE PRACTICAL JOKE PLAYED ON AN ANNAPOLIS CADET FOR WHICH HIS COMRADES ARE BEING COURT-MARTIALLED.



CAPTAIN CROSBY,

THE GALLANT COMMANDER OF THE "CORONET" NOW RACING THE DAUNTLESS.



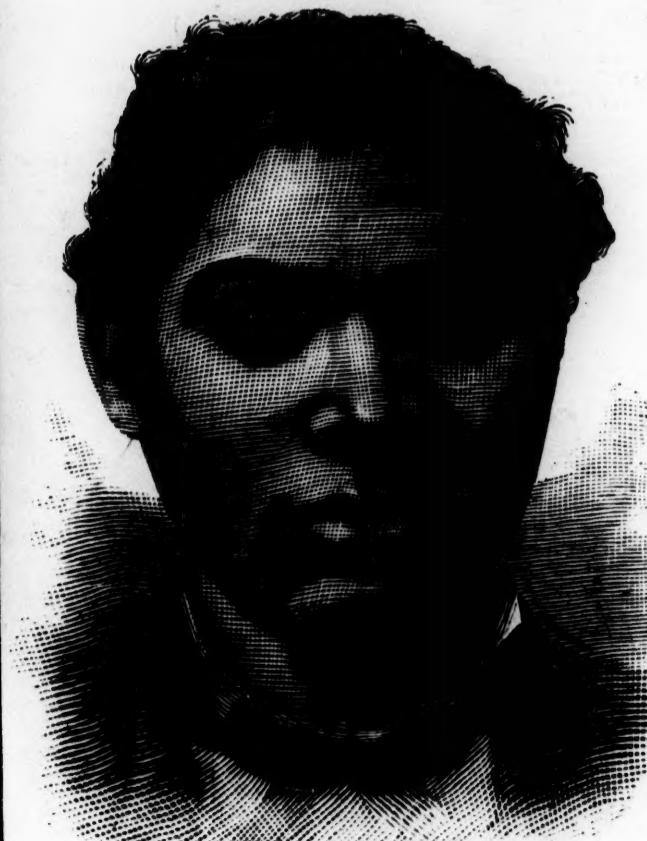
FRANK BUCK,

WHO IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN CAUGHT DEAD TO RIGHTS BY MARSHAL NEAL, FARMER CITY, ILL.



TWO SISTERS HAVE ONE HUSBAND.

HOW LEROY HENRY STARTED A LITTLE MORMONDOM OF HIS OWN AT RUBY, MICH.



ALEXANDER CRAWFORD,

THE SLAYER OF R. V. LOGGINS WHO WAS RECENTLY JERKED TO GLORY BY A MOB, WINONA, MISS.

## ROAST MAN.

The Awful Revel of the Fire  
Fiend at the Ill-Fated  
Richmond House in  
Buffalo, N. Y.

### HELL'S HORRORS.

They are Tasted to the Bitter Full by  
Scores of Frantic and Helpless  
Human Beings.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The new Richmond Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., which was opened three weeks ago, burned to the ground the morning of March 18, with a frightful loss of life. With it went Bunnell's Museum building and two small stores. There were sixty-four transient guests in the hotel, twenty sleeping employees, several boarders and the proprietors, Robert Stafford, W. J. Mann, H. P. Whittaker, and their families, making in all about one hundred persons. Only seventy-eight of these are accounted for, and it is believed that the



A gallant rescue by Chas. A. Orr.

bodies of the others will be found in the ruins. The hotel register was not saved, and no one can remember the names of all the guests. W. J. Mann, who had charge of the help, is delirious with pain and excitement and cannot talk rationally. No one save himself knows the names of all the domestics. The fire broke out in the cloak room under the main staircase at 3:40 A. M., and in five minutes the flames had reached the roof. The house had a square court in the center, and the windows of all the halls opened upon this court. The flames prevented escape by the staircase and the panic-stricken guests with but few exceptions made for the windows, both in their rooms and in the halls. Night Clerk William H. Alport sounded the electric fire alarm, which rang a bell in every room. He had barely time to save himself, and when he reached the street the red glare of the flames was already lighting the thoroughfare. He gave a fire



A daring jump for life.

alarm, but before the arrival of the engines numbers of people had been attracted to the scene by the shrieks of women standing in their night dresses at the upper windows. Fire Department Chief Hornung gave his order immediately and decisively;

"Blank the building; save the people."

Hands were put upon the extension ladders,

which were rapidly raised. Meantime the flames became hotter and hotter, and could be seen licking the woodwork of many windows.

Press Whittaker, one of the proprietors, crawled on the window ledges from his room on the fifth floor, a distance of over 50 feet, to the ladder, and was rescued. A woman in her night clothes was seen at a window on the third floor. A ladder was placed and Charles A. Orr, County Clerk, mounted and brought the woman safely down in his arms. He took off his overcoat, wrapped it around her, and then remounted and rescued a man whose face and breast were badly burned. One man on the Eagle street side stood at his fourth floor window until the heat was unbearable. He jumped and grasped the telegraph wires with his

this incident of the catastrophe to a correspondent: "When I was nearly down a man shot past me who had jumped. He came near striking me. My God! the people lay on the roof all around me. They were groaning and dying. It was awful."

He shrieked with pain and a physician gave him morphine. Many who jumped to the saloon roof crashed through the photographer's skylight and are now buried in the ruins. Those at the east end of the hotel who jumped landed on the roof of the Tivoli Hall, and were assisted to safety by Anthony Kaiser, the proprietor. Between the hall and the frame building there is a space of fifty feet. A. P. Philbrook, a shoemaker, who lives at the top of the building south of Tivoli Hall, looked out of his window and saw

Ilken, Smith & Co., New York, was on the third floor. He ran down one flight of stairs and out to a balcony. The crowd shouted to jump and a canvas was brought, but Milliken showed them a neater trick and lowered himself to an awning rod and thence hand over hand to the street. He was followed by E. H. Wimpshimer, who travels for the New York printing-ink firm of Siegmund, Ulman & Co. After them came Mrs. Wimpshimer, a pretty blonde, who did the acrobatic feat gracefully and was rewarded with the crowd's cheers. None of the three were hurt.

H. B. Runsey of New York, rescued a little girl at the risk of his own life and carried her through the burning hotel to the saloon roof. When getting out of the window he buried the girl's face in his night gown and thus protected her. He inhaled the flames, and was in a delirium until just before his death.

Proprietor Stafford was the picture of misery. "I would give all I am worth," said he to a correspondent, "to see Mark Osborne alive again. I loved him as my own son." When asked if he had formulated any plans for the future Mr. Stafford shook his head sadly. "No, sir; but you can say this, I'll never touch



Without one ray of hope.

hands. The extension ladder was being raised, and while it was straight in the air he let go the wires, caught the fifth rung and descended before the ladder was up to its full length.

The last three people rescued were utterly exhausted and fearfully burned.

J. C. Gilbert, of 16 South Portland avenue, Brooklyn, was taken from the fifth floor none too soon. He was clad in drawers, shirt and socks. Minnie Stone and Kate Pearce were dragged from the fifth floor on the Main street side. They had on nothing but wrappers. They were not burned. The crowd hung with breathless anxiety on each move of the firemen and cheered lustily as rescue after rescue was attempted and accomplished.

But it was in the rear that the tragedy of the morning was being enacted and men and women were jumping to a horrible death. A. G. Clay, of Philadelphia, and Louis E. Smith, of Brooklyn, were on the fifth floor. Their rooms adjoined and they crawled along the window ledges to the roof of Bunnell's Museum, the adjoining building on Eagle street. Looking up they saw five girls at a fifth-story window. They had tied sheets together and made a rope which reached to one floor below on a level with the museum roof, but separated from it at that point by an alley about fifteen feet wide. Smith found a telegraph wire which he threw across, and four girls descended in safety and crossed on the wire. When the fifth was swinging between the two buildings the wire broke and the girl fell four stories to the ground. She was not killed, but the doctors say she cannot live. Her legs were terribly cut and bruised, her back was broken and her face and arms frightfully

people jumping. "I had to turn my face away," said he. "I couldn't stand it. Some jumped through the skylight. I saw them, and I saw a woman with nothing but a chemise jump to the ground between the buildings. I heard her drop. I couldn't look any more and I went down to the street."

Anthony Kaiser says that before the walls fell he saw this woman and a man almost naked both lying dead underneath his window. Then a portion of the south wall of the Richmond fell and the ghastly sight was covered by bricks and debris.

Robert Stafford, a proprietor, roomed on the third floor. His window faced Creighton's saloon and he jumped, telling his wife to follow. She did so and he caught her. The two made their way through the building downstairs. W. J. Mann, another proprietor, escaped by jumping. His wife refused to jump and stood at the window screaming with her little girl in her arms. At last she fainted. B. G. Baldwin, of Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston, lifted her and dropped her into her husband's arms. Then he picked up the child and jumped safely. Mrs. Mann was frightfully burned about the face, arms and legs. She was taken to a lawyer's office, where she lay, screaming and calling for her little daughter Jennie. "Do something to stop the pain," she yelled. "Oh, I shall die, Jennie was burned to death. I know it, I saw her."

Little Jennie was at Dr. Hayd's office. Her burns were painful though not severe. She went to sleep and when she woke up at noon told her story in a childish treble: "I waked up and heard a noise and ran out into the hall and down some stairs and then there was so much fire and smoke I could not go any further and I back was broken and her face and arms frightfully

"I waked up and heard a noise and ran out into the hall and down some stairs and then there was so much fire and smoke I could not go any further and I



The wire failed to save her.

another hotel so long as I live, even if it paid \$10,000 a day and was rent free, unless it is absolutely fireproof, I wouldn't take the responsibility and go through the mourning I did this morning for all the hotels in the United States."

The Richmond Hotel was the old Young Men's Library building, and was built in 1856. It was originally run as the St. James Hotel, and St. James Hall stood alongside it. Recent changes made the Richmond and Bunnell's Museum stand side by side. The two buildings were worth \$150,000, and insured for \$60,000. Stafford & Co. lost \$75,000 worth of furniture, wines, etc., which is partially covered by \$64,000 insurance. The Boston Clothing House lost \$60,000. Peter Paul & Bro. \$40,000. and Ulreich & Kingsley \$35,000. Jos. E. C. Palacio, cigar dealer, puts his loss at \$8,000, partly insured. Von Norman, photographer, loses \$6,000. Other losses will bring the aggregate to \$400,000.

Chief Hornung, of the Fire Department, says: "The number of people rescued by the firemen is about twenty to twenty-five. We got two streams into the corridor of the hotel, and at that moment the flames were shooting up the big staircase and elevator way beyond the reach of the hose. We tried to play both streams upward on the fire, but there was so much screaming of gesticulations and calls for help from the windows that we called off most of the men from the hose and let the building go for a while, giving all our attention to the ladders. 'Damn the building,' I yelled; 'save the people.' and the boys helped man the ladders on the outside, putting up two on the Main street side and the short ones on Eagle street. There was need for them, too. It was a horrible sight to see the people jumping from every side. The cool-headed ones were rescued all right, but some wouldn't wait."

Among the brave deeds of the firemen was one deserving of special mention. District Engineer Murphy was on a ladder rescuing some of the occupants of the hotel. At an upper story window was one of the female domestics. He shouted to her to remain where she was, and he would come up and save her. The



A ghastly sight which was soon hid from view.

burned. She is Mary Connell, of No. 411 Hamburg street; a chambermaid. The others made their escape safely through the museum.

Wilson Purcell, credit man for the R. G. Dun Mercantile Agency here, roomed on the fifth floor. He crawled to the roof of a two-story frame building occupied as a saloon and photograph gallery, which adjoined the hotel on Main street. Picking himself up, he reeled to a ladder erected from the street, but had not descended two steps when he reeled and fell to the street. He struck on his head and died instantly. He was so badly burned as to render identification difficult.

Clinton Bidwell, of Pittsburg, roomed with Mark Osborne, the hotel clerk, on the fifth floor. Osborne awoke him and both ran into the hall. Osborne never returned. Bidwell made a rope of sheets and reached the roof of the saloon, but not until the advancing flames had terribly burned him about the chest and arms and face. Moaning pitifully at times, he told

went back to my floor and into a bedroom. It was mamma's room, and she picked me up and hugged me and then she let me both drop. Then a great big man came and he put mamma out the window and on to the roof, and then he jumped on to the roof with me. It was all afire there, but the man picked me up in his arms and carried me down through the fire and took me through the street to a place, and then the doctor there carried me over here."

James McGuire, night engineer at the post office, saved one life, and tried to rescue a girl from a room on the third floor. She could not open the door and McGuire could not break it. He had to leave her to her fate. R. H. Homes jumped through the skylight in the roof of the two-story brick kitchen and dashed his way through the flames to Eagle street. He left five persons on the roof, and thinks they were all lost. He was badly burned.

Foster Milliken, of the iron commission firm of Mil-

iken, Smith & Co., New York, was on the third floor. He ran down one flight of stairs and out to a balcony. The crowd shouted to jump and a canvas was brought, but Milliken showed them a neater trick and lowered himself to an awning rod and thence hand over hand to the street. He was followed by E. H. Wimpshimer, who travels for the New York printing-ink firm of Siegmund, Ulman & Co. After them came Mrs. Wimpshimer, a pretty blonde, who did the acrobatic feat gracefully and was rewarded with the crowd's cheers. None of the three were hurt.

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Heading to certain death.

poor creature, frantic with terror, instead of obeying, leaped from the window and literally threw herself at Murphy. This caused him to lose his balance on the ladder, but he hung on with one hand and caught the girl around the neck, firmly holding her thus until he could regain his equilibrium, when he slid down the ladder, bearing her safely to the ground.

**NO CLUE.**

An Unknown Burglar Murders  
Lyman S. Weeks in His  
Own House at Brook-  
lyn and Then Es-  
capes.

**A CRUEL CRIME.**

The Dastardly Assassination of an Exemplary Citizen by a Scoundrel who Will Never be Detected.

**[Subject of Illustration.]**  
We illustrate, on another page, the discovery of the murder of Lyman S. Weeks, at 1071 De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn, by a hitherto undiscovered burglar. Mr. Weeks, who was thirty-six years old, was 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighed about 175 pounds. He lived in a row of two-story and basement frame houses, on the north side of the avenue, between Reil and Stuyvesant avenues. The night of the 15th inst., when the tragedy occurred, besides Mr. Weeks, his wife and two children, aged respectively nine and four years, there were in the house Mrs. Weeks' mother, Mrs. Ellingham, who had arrived a few days previously from North Adams, Mass., and a servant. Mr. Weeks has occupied the house about nine years, and was to have surrendered it in a few weeks to enter a new home which he had contracted to purchase on Macon street.

Counselor Thomas Williams, who was arranging the preliminaries of the transfer, passed the evening with Mr. Weeks, leaving the house shortly before 11 o'clock, after which Mr. Weeks played a game of backgammon with his mother-in-law, the children and maid having retired. It was about an hour before midnight when Mr. Weeks, his wife and Mrs. Ellingham mounted to the upper floor where the sleeping rooms are located, the family occupying the large front room, and Mrs. Ellingham the back room, while the servant slept in a hall bedroom on the same floor. Mr. Weeks was soon in bed. Mrs. Weeks was about ready to retire, and her mother was heard moving about in the adjoining room.

Suddenly a muffled sound reached Mrs. Weeks' ears, which she thought was her mother putting coal in the stove in her room. Being uncertain, she called to her and learning that the sound did not originate from that quarter she awakened her husband, who had fallen asleep, and told him what she had heard.

Mr. Weeks hastily pulled on his pantaloons, slipped his feet into his slippers, and taking a box of matches started downstairs to investigate the strange sound, lighting the gas in the hallway on the parlor floor in his descent. His wife waited in breathless suspense, her ear pressed against the speaking tube in her room.

No one other than the assassin can definitely tell what occurred in the last few minutes. To Mrs. Weeks' ear arose through the tube a muffled sound as of a struggle. The report of a pistol was heard by her, however, and in a few minutes all was still. She waited several minutes and then called loudly down the tube to her husband. Receiving no answer she rushed to the front window and throwing it wide open called: "Murder! Police! My husband is injured!"

While in this position she saw a man hurry from the house and go down the avenue in the direction of Stuyvesant avenue. Her description of the man is very meagre, and she says she would not be able to identify him. The wife of Dr. Tittemore, who lives at No. 1075½ De Kalb avenue, heard the cries for help and rushing to the window recognized the voice. The doctor was called and was soon on his way to the house. Mrs. Tittemore says the clock in her room struck twelve one minute after she heard Mrs. Weeks' cry. David Neely and his brother Thomas, who live at No. 1062 De Kalb avenue, nearly opposite the scene of the tragedy, had a few minutes before twelve arrived home and had not finished undressing when the shrill call of the frantic woman startled them. They ran into the street, and to the residence of Mr. Weeks. Without stopping to investigate the trouble David Neely started for the police station ten blocks away. On the way he met Policeman Westerfield and told him of the trouble. The officer went to the house and was admitted by Mrs. Weeks, who had meanwhile descended to the basement.

Mr. and Mrs. Sturgis from next door, Dr. Tittemore and the Neely brothers, with Mrs. Weeks, then searched the room, and Mrs. Weeks found her husband on the floor on his back, with his head and shoulders under the dining table which was set for breakfast, and upon which was laid all the silverware. The head rested almost directly under the chandelier, while his feet reached diagonally towards the dining-room door, which was open.

His face was pale and his eyes closed, and as Mrs. Weeks hysterically threw herself upon him, calling upon him to speak to her, he gasped faintly once and then was still. His right hand was pressed to his right breast, and when it was removed it was seen that a bullet had ploughed its way into his body. But little blood had oozed from the wound and had slightly stained the nightdress, upon which could be seen the marks of powder, showing that the revolver, which was of .32 calibre, had been held close to his body when the murderous burglar pulled the trigger. The bullet had passed through the body, entering the

breast just below the nipple and passing out between the fifth and sixth ribs on the left side. It was found later in the night, between the body and the nightshirt by Undertaker Henderson, who turned it over to the police.

The only evidence of a struggle in the room was an overturned black walnut dining-room chair, one leg and the back rounds of which were broken. The chair lay in the corner of the room near the dead man's feet.

Mrs. Weeks, who was completely prostrated by the fearful tragedy, was led from the scene by her friends, who then prepared Mr. Weeks' body for the undertaker. Later in the night Mrs. Weeks gave way to such paroxysms of grief that opium was administered to calm her. Her friends fear that the tragedy may have a fatal effect upon her. Mr. Weeks' father arrived at the house from Bridgewater, Conn., having been summoned by a telegram.

The mother of the young man is seriously ill at her home and could not make the journey. The old man, who was unversed by the tragedy, said: "Lyman was my only child. His death leaves myself and his mother with scarcely kin left. Before I left home his mother made me promise that I should bring our boy home with me. She did not know the whole. We will take his body to Bridgewater, but I tell you, young man," and the tears trickled down the old man's face, "it will be a sad coming home."

The assassin secured admittance to the house by breaking the lower window in the side light to the basement door, which enabled him to reach the bolt on the inside. After sliding back the bolt he walked through the hall into the dining room. In this room at the front, and nearly opposite the door, is a buffet, upon the shelves of which was arranged the table silver, and in the drawers of which was kept the valuable plate. When Mr. Weeks interrupted the burglar it is evident that the drawers had all been pulled open and their contents placed on the table, where the thief had commenced sorting the solid from the plated ware. The location of the wounds and the course of the bullet indicate that the burglar had Mr. Weeks descending the stairs, and standing by the table fired at him as he entered the room. The sounds which reached the waiting wife must have been the falling of her husband, overturning the chair in his fall, and the hasty departure of the murderer, who waited in the area long enough to ascertain that there was no one in the vicinity before starting on his flight.

Dr. Tittemore, who was among the first on the scene of the shooting, said:

"I found Mr. Weeks dead. There were no evidences of a struggle. He lay with his head and shoulders under the table, and upon the table was the silverware, placed there by the burglar. The gas had been lighted by the burglar, but was only bright enough to enable him to see about the room. Mrs. Weeks, who admitted me to the room, was in her night clothing, and was unable to give a connected statement of how the shooting happened. It was necessary to administer opiates to quiet her. She has been under my care ever since, and can be disturbed only at the risk of her reason. The dead man had bled less than two ounces. The wound, when I first saw it, looked like the puncture of a knife. I did not hear any sound of shooting, and have heard of no one in the vicinity who did. The first evidence I had was the cry of Mrs. Weeks."

Mrs. Ellingham and the servant heard nothing of the shooting. Mrs. Ellingham had followed her daughter to the basement, and the servant was aroused by the screams of the ladies, and had then followed them to the basement.

George Henderson, the undertaker who dressed the body of the deceased, said he found no marks on the body other than those made by the bullet. Several parties in the neighborhood say they saw a man who is supposed to have done the shooting. The son of Dr. Attwood describes him of medium stature, dressed in dark clothing and wearing a Derby hat. He was of smooth face and apparently twenty-two years of age.

District Attorney Ridgway and Inspector Reilly, with his staff, were among the early callers at the scene of the tragedy. Mr. Ridgway expressed himself forcibly concerning the murder, and Inspector Reilly detailed several of his most experienced men to follow up the meager clues as to the identity of the murderer. At the Fourteenth Precinct police station Capt. Dunn said he had no doubt the murderer was identical with the man who, when halted last Thursday night by Policemen Low and Herscher in the vicinity of Van Buren street and Broadway, fired five shots at the officers and then made his escape, leaving behind stolen goods which he had taken from No. 721 Jefferson street. The captain continued:

"There have been a half dozen burglaries in this vicinity within the past few weeks in which admittance to the houses was secured precisely as in the case at the Weeks house. I have little reason to doubt that the same man has committed all of them. Shortly after the tragedy one of our officers found Mr. Weeks' overcoat in the vacant lot a few doors from the scene of the shooting. The murderer had evidently put it on with the intention of filling his pockets with his plunder, but flung it away as telltale evidence against him."

Coroner Lindsay called at the house and impaneled a jury. The post-mortem examination was made by Dr. Joseph M. Creamer, of No. 170 North Sixth street, who says that death was the result of internal hemorrhage.

The murdered man was employed as a salesman in the wholesale hat store of Messrs. Hurlbert, Shuster & Sandford, at No. 548 Broadway, this city. He was a man of remarkable strength and always took great interest in athletic sports. He was for many years a member of the Brooklyn Athletic Association, and at the time of his death was a member of the Waverly Bowling Club. Among his associates he was very popular, and is spoken of by his employers as an exemplary man. He had been in their employ nineteen years and occupied a position of great trust and responsibility.

**ARTHUR CHAMBERS.****[With Portrait.]**

Elsewhere will be found a portrait of Arthur Chambers, the famous sporting man, boniface of the Champion's Rest, Philadelphia, and formerly light-weight champion of America. Chambers has a world-wide reputation. He is the backer of pugilists, wrestlers, running dogs and a general promoter of all kinds of sports. Before he retired from the athletic arena he was a No. 1 in the light weight class and retired champion. He is Jimmy Mitchell's backer in the fight for \$1,000. "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt and the light-weight championship of America.

**A MISER AND HIS MONEY.**

**Remarkable Circumstances in the Case of Old Paine and His Greenbacks.**

Once upon a time there was over a third of a million in good money that would pass anywhere at its face value, and only two men knew where it was for it was hidden, and only one of these two knew that it was money instead of rubbish; and for nearly a score of years it lay untouched in its hiding place; and then the one man who knew it was money died without saying anything to anybody about it, and the other man, discovering that it was money, was so honest that he informed the heirs about it, and the result was a great contest in the courts. This contest has become famous, and people speak of it as the Paine will fight, the point at issue being as to whether there is any such thing as a Paine will. The contest is not yet finished, although the testimony is all in, and the whole story about that vast sum of money has never been told, and probably never will be. It has not even been told before this that for nearly a year the \$400,000, which astounded the court one day, lay in the Garfield National bank in this city. Everybody has heard of the odd package that looked like a bundle of old newspapers which Mr. Charles Chickering found in his safe, and discovered to be stacks and stacks of greenbacks. Without waiting to count them he hurried off to Boston and brought a deputation of the heirs back, and together they examined the strange package. Once in the seventeen years miser Paine had asked Mr. Chickering to keep it for him in his safe had the owner inquired about it, casually asking Mr. Chickering if that bundle was all right. And Mr. Chickering had replied that it was still there, and he wished that Paine would take it away. When the money had been counted Mr. Chickering took it up to the Garfield bank, and went into the president's room, a little office next to the street entrance. Mr. Cheney was there, and when visitors had withdrawn, Mr. Chickering said to him:

"I have a package here that I would like to leave with you for safe keeping."

"Very well," said President Cheney, "I guess we can accommodate you."

The package was laid on the desk and the gentleman passed several inconsequential remarks about business and the weather, and then Mr. Chickering rose to go. The president observed that the package ought to be marked in some way for identification.

"It is marked," replied Mr. Chickering, with his hand on the door knob.

President Cheney looked it over. He saw nothing but a row of figures scrawled on the newspaper wrapping without punctuation, as if some one had been making a rough calculation. It did not occur to him that they conveyed any significance, written as they were in pencil. He glanced inquiringly at Mr. Chickering, and saw that gentleman look straight at the figures. Mr. Cheney scrutinized them again. This is what he saw: \$357,000.

"You don't mean to say," he exclaimed, in the utmost astonishment, "that this package contains \$357,000?"

"That's just it in cash," said Mr. Chickering.

President Cheney called the cashier in, and, pointing to the package, said: "Mr. Vail, Mr. Chickering wants us to take care of this, and that is what he says is in it."

Mr. Vail looked at the unpunctuated figures, glanced up at Mr. Chickering, scowled, looked again at the figures, glanced at Mr. Cheney, and then repeated the operation. When he finally persuaded himself that the gentlemen meant what they said, and the figures also, he drew a deep breath and remarked:

"Well, I should think that Mr. Chickering had better put his name on it, in order to identify it in case he should ever care to call for it."

This sensible step was taken, but Mr. Chickering did not call for it until the day came when he had to produce in court the property of the deceased miser. By that time the \$40,000 in certificates of deposit had been added to the original package, and it was not until these were given to Mr. Cheney to send through the clearing house that he knew whose money it was that he had in his safe.

"I think it makes one of the most astounding events in history," said Mr. Cheney, in conversation on the matter. "Here was almost half a million dollars in clear cash, with not a mark of the faintest character in the whole package to identify any portion of it as belonging to anybody other than the holder of it. Even the certificates of deposit were so drawn that Paine's name was not mentioned, and, as they were indorsed, anybody under heaven might have got the money on them on presentation. And if Mr. Chickering had made any disposition of the funds for his own benefit no one ever would have missed them, for no one knew that they were in existence. And it seems grimly satirical that, after he had kept the money honestly for twenty years, and then honestly notified the heirs of its existence, he should have had to give bonds in \$25,000 for its proper disposition."

When Mr. Chickering was approached by the heirs to become the executor of the estate, he declined, saying that he should have to encumber himself with bonds, and didn't want the trouble. But they declared that he should not be put under bonds. They were willing to trust him, but when the enormous pile was shown in court the contestants instantly demanded bonds, and Mr. Chickering had to furnish them. It is a pity the recorder had not the option of allowing a man of such marked honesty to proceed with the administration of the estate without giving bonds.

"As for old Paine, I knew him well when I was interested in musical societies. I was one of the directors of a choral association, and we used to give Paine free entrances to our concerts. He used to come to our rehearsals, too, for the sake of having a warm place to spend an hour or two on a cold day. I have many times given him money at such times that he might get a meal of vitals. The last time I remember having anything to do with him was voting in a meeting of the directors that he be excluded from our rehearsals, for he would come in and squat down by the stove and proceed to thaw out, and by the time he was thawed out everybody else would be driven from the room. His habits were incomparably filthy. The vote of expulsion was unanimous."

**KIDNAPPING A YOUNG LADY.****[Subject of Illustration.]**

Some two weeks ago Miss Ella Blottenberg, of Dilshbury, Pa., arrived in Indianapolis and appealed to relatives for protection, saying that her father's treatment was so abusive that she could no longer remain at home. She was eighteen years of age, intelligent and handsome, and gave evidence of good

training and education. Thursday week she determined not to be a charge upon her relatives, and against their protest went to work in an overall factory in the southern part of the city. While she was thus engaged the morning of March 12 a stranger entered the factory and passed through the several rooms inquiring for the girl. As he approached her he drew a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and put them on her wrists. She evidently recognized the man and begged him not to take her back to Dilshbury, but he declared that she must go with him, and the two left the factory together, the girl sobbing bitterly. An hour later her friends heard of the affair, and inquiry developed the fact that the police knew nothing about it, nor had the Governor issued any requisition, and the arrest was wholly without warrant of law. A diligent search fails to develop any trace whatever of the girl or her captor.

**TO RACE FOR THE QUEEN'S CUP.****A POLICE GAZETTE correspondent writes:**

Mr. Edward Burgess has sent by mail and cable to Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne his challenge to race the Mayflower against the Arrow for the Queen's Cup. No reply has been received. When asked if the race would be sailed under the English yachting rules, Mr. Burgess said:

"In all probability it will, but the conditions of the race will be decided on after consultation with Mr. Chamberlayne."

"Are you going to sail against the cutter Irrex for the Cape May and Brenton's Reef Cups, which the cutter Genesis won a year ago?"

"Yes, it is my intention to sail for them also."

"The New York Yacht Club rules govern these races, and no claim can be made against the sloop Mayflower on account of her being a centreboard yacht."

"That is so, and no time allowance is made in this race. The course is from the Isle of Wight to and around a marl boat anchored off the harbor of Cherbourg, France, and return. Gen. Paine does not want to have the care of the races upon him, and he has given entire control of the Mayflower to me."

"Have you decided on the amount of sail you will carry on the trip across?"

"Not yet; but I must attend to it at once, and to other matters concerning the trip. My plans are now to have the Mayflower sail about June 1. It is my intention to sail for Europe with my family about the middle of June, and we will take the steamer from this port."

Mr. Burgess has not decided on the sailing master of the Mayflower, but enough is known to say that the expert sailing master, Capt. Stone, now that his employer of ten years has turned the Mayflower over to Mr. Burgess for an European trip, will not stand in the way of the famous naval architect, but will step aside to allow him to elect whom he pleases. Mr. Burgess says no one has been thought of in place of Capt. Stone—in fact, no intimation of any one else has been made.

**SHE WANTED A JUDGE OR TWO KILLED.**

There was one woman among the throng of sightseers at Forest Hills who was particularly desirous of knowing whether any judges were passengers on the wrecked train.

"Judges? No, madam. Did you suppose any judges were on board?"

"Well, I didn't know but what there was. There are a good many judges living in Dedham. Dedham's a great town for judges. You say that they were mostly clerks and shop girls who were killed?"

"Yes, but their lives are just as dear to them."

"Oh, I know it," answered the woman; "I know it. But if we must have an accident I think it is well to have some distinguished person killed. It makes other distinguished people realize their responsibilities, and teaches people that a man may be celebrated and yet be liable, same as others. I thought if a judge or two were killed it might have a good effect on the young!"

**TONY PASTOR.****[With Portrait.]**

The handsome, good-natured visage of Señor Don Antonio Pastor illuminates another page. To describe him would be gild gold and paint the lily. Everybody knows him, everybody likes him. The men swear by his good fellowship and the women adore him. What more can we add?

**WON A FORTUNE.****Buying Three Lottery Tickets and Winning Two Prizes.**

Joseph Strang, a former Auburnian, who has been living at Smith Falls, Ontario, is stopping with his wife at the Arbor Hotel on South street. Mr. Strang is the lucky man who drew one-tenth part of the first capital prize of \$100,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery, at its last month's drawing. To an Advertiser reporter Mr. Strang said that he sent money from Smith Falls, by express, to M. A. Dauphin, at New Orleans for three tickets and received them in due time. For the one-tenth ticket, No. 73,937, he paid one dollar. About six days after the drawing he received a circular by which he learned that he had drawn \$15,000 of the capital prize and also \$10 of an approximation prize by another ticket, thus drawing two prizes with three tickets. Mr. Strang had also drawn several prizes previously, but not very large ones.

Mr. Strang came to Auburn and ordered the money sent from New Orleans by express to the banking house of William H. Seward & Co. The total sum of \$15,000 was forwarded in gold and Mr. Strang now has a certificate of deposit from the bank for the amount named. There were no deductions for commissions or any other charge except the



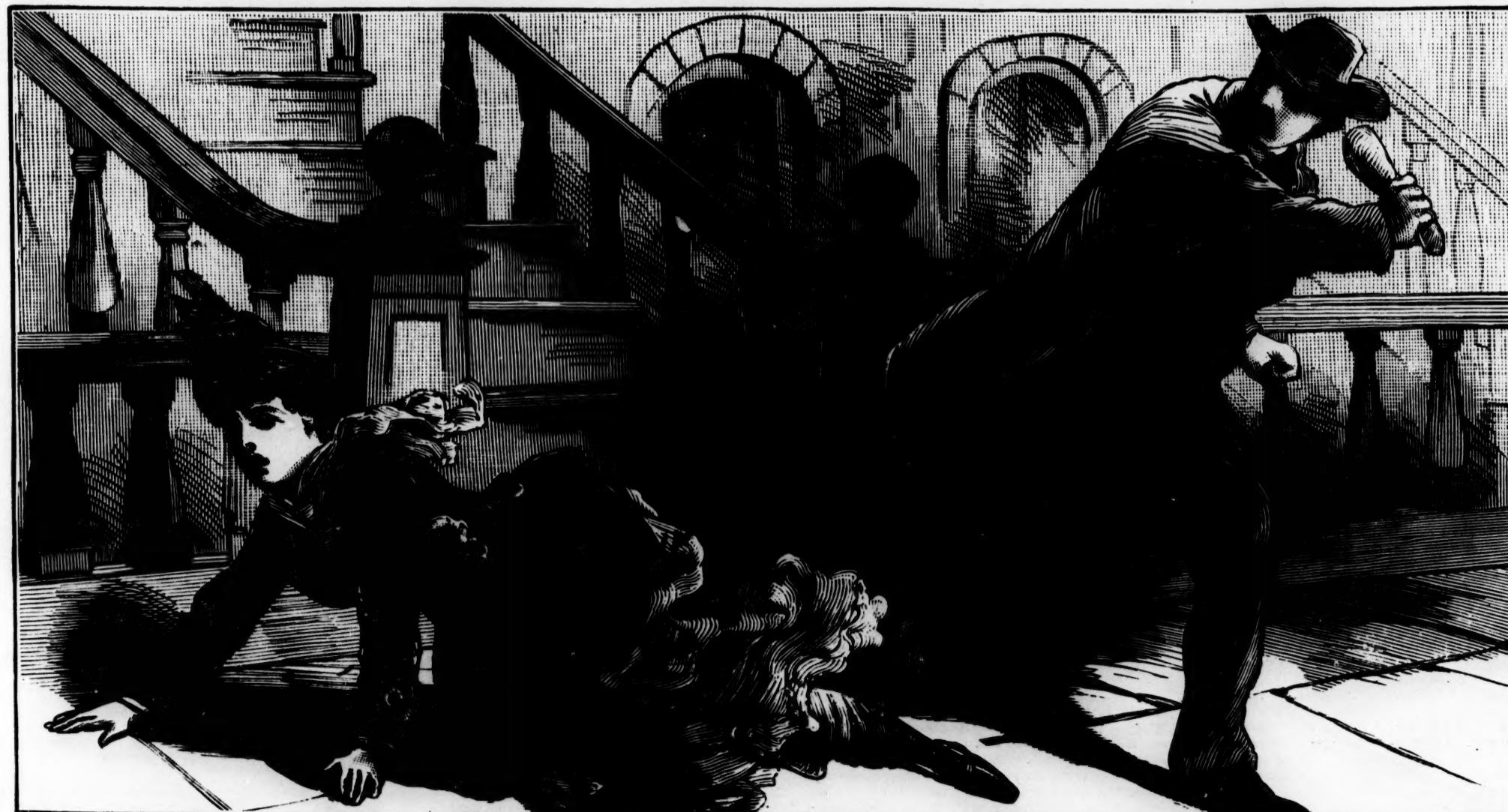
**HIS JUMP WAS FATAL:**  
NATHAN FALK, A TRAVELING SALESMAN, COMMITS SUICIDE WHILE UNDER ARREST AT DENVER, COLORADO.



**A COW IN AN AUCTION ROOM.**  
THE TRIFLING EVENT WHICH HAS SET THE PHILADELPHIA PAPERS WILD WITH EXCITEMENT.



**HIS WIFE'S WICKEDNESS.**  
THE DIRE DOMESTIC CALAMITY WHICH CAPTAIN McCLELLAN ALLEGES WAS CAUSED BY A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN OF ATLANTA, GA.



**A MYSTERIOUS CRIME.**  
MISS ERNESTINE SMITH IS ATTACKED BY AN UNKNOWN SAND-BAGGER ON WEST SIXTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK.



BEER AND THE BALLET.

HOW THE HARMLESS NECESSARY GROWLER IS WORKED FOR ALL IT IS WORTH BY THE BLUSHING BEAUTIES OF BURLESQUE.

## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Resume of the Aromatic Events of the Week.

**John L. Sullivan and Manager Pat Sheedy** attracted a big crowd at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, on March 18.

**Arthur Chambers says:** 'I will match Jimmy Mitchell to fight Jack McAuliffe (win or lose his match with Paddy Smith), at \$35 pounds, for \$1,000 a side.'

**Mike Lucie and Harry Scofield** fought with gloves at Troy, N. Y., Thursday night for a purse of \$250 and gate money. Eleven rounds were fought, when Scofield was down to a standstill and Lucie was declared the winner.

**Arthur Chambers, with his champion, Fred Woods,** was in this city on March 18. He left a challenge, in which he offers to back Woods to fight any 145-pound man in America, bar Jack Dempsey, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

**Patsy Kirwin, of Mount Clair, and Sprogg McDonald,** of Jacksonville, Fla., fought near Mount Clair, N. J., on March 19. Thirteen rounds were fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, when the referee declared the fight a draw.

**The glove fight between Mike Cushing, of Elizabeth, N. J., the amateur champion of 1886, and Jack Hopper, of Providence, will be fought on April 26. Jim Barclay, the well-known sporting man of Sixth avenue, is backing Hopper.**

**Johnny Reagan believes he can fight at 135 pounds.** He will have to over train hard to reduce himself to that weight, and the result might be a set back. At 140 pounds Reagan is fit to race in any company, but at 135 pounds he will be handicapped.

**At Minneapolis recently Patsy Cardiff posted Pat Kilian** coward and a newspaper fighter, and as soon as the latter heard of the remark he posted a forfeit to fight Kilian for \$1,000 according to "Police Gazette" rules, so that there is now every prospect of a first class mill.

**The New York Daily "News" says:** Pat Sheedy is passing sleepless nights wandering through piles of scrap books and old newspaper clippings, gleanings information for "The Life, Travels and Battles of John L. Sullivan." The book is being printed by Richard K. Fox.

**Dick Collier the English middle-weight pugilist,** whom Jack Ashton whipped in a four-round "go," at Turn Hall, and whom Jimmy Carroll shortly after "did up" in a fight for a purse, was defeated in a glove fight by Reddy Gallagher of Cleve land, on March 18, in 1 minute 7 seconds.

**On March 18 a sparring exhibition took place at Elizabeth, N. J.** The wind-up was between Lewis Neel and Dick Burke, and produced great excitement, the fighters doing their best to knock each other out. Both were ballyhooed up and blood flowed freely. A number of women were among the audience.

**In regard to the announcement that Greenfield con quered Jimmy Mitchell in Philadelphia Arthur Chambers writes:** "That report of the Mitchell and Greenfield glove contest is all wrong. Mitchell had him licked in the first round, and I got him to let up. Greenfield was at least ten or fifteen pounds the heavier man."

**Denny Kelleher, the Port Richmond heavy-weight,** faced Jack Dougherty, of Boston, with the gloves at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, and notwithstanding the fact that he was very fat, did very well. Dougherty had a bad right hand, having hurt it on Mike Boden last Monday night. Referee Ed. O'Brien decided Kelleher the winner.

**Champion John L. Sullivan and combination, under management of F. P. Shedd, open their tour with a one-night stand March 28 at Cronkhite's Germania theatre, Hoboken. The combination comprises Sullivan, Steve Taylor, LaBlanche, Duncan McDonald, James Carroll, Bob Turnbull, Dan Murphy and James McKeon. James H. Love is advance agent.**

**The final deposit of \$250 a side in the contest between Jimmy Mitchell of Philadelphia and Paddy Smith of Brooklyn must be paid at the Police Gazette office on Saturday, March 26. Both men have to weigh twenty-four hours prior to the contest at Arthur Chambers' at Philadelphia. The battle is for \$1,000, the Richard K. Fox Diamond Belt and the light-weight championship of America.**

**There was a desperate glove fight fought in a parlor in the suburbs of Augusta, Me., on March 19, between Mike Daley, champion light-weight of New England, and Jack McDonald, of Augusta. Daley knocked out McDonald in the third round of a four-round fight, with hard gloves, for a purse of \$100. Daley's weight was 131, and McDonald's 139 pounds. The latter was knocked down seven times in the last round.**

**The New York "Herald" on March 20 published the following special cable from London, England: The pugilists, Charlie Mitchell and Jim Smith, who have been amicably touring through the provinces in sparring exhibitions, now merely speak as they pass by. Neither will, however, explain who or what is the cause of their parting company. In consequence of their disagreement Mitchell sails alone to-day for America and Smith will not go at all.**

**Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion, gave an exhibition at the Washington Rink, Rochester, N. Y., on March 15, that was a flattering success. Over 1,800 paid admission, and Jack got 60 per cent. of the gross receipts. The police would not allow slugging, but all the same there were some pretty lively set-toes. Dempsey boxed with Denny Costigan and with Jack Coyle. Dempsey and Costigan have gone to Detroit, where they gave an exhibition on the 22d.**

**The following explains itself:**

PHILADELPHIA PA., March 14, 1887.

To the Sporting Editor:

DEAR Sir—I wish to inform you I have met with a very serious accident while sparring at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, last week, by breaking my right arm, hoping you will make notice of it in your valuable paper. Thanking you for past favors,

I remain, yours, MIKE LEARY.

Light-Weight Champion of New Jersey.

**The Harvard Athletic Association held its first winter boxing meeting at Boston on March 19.** There was some hard slugging in the heavy-weights. Ashe won the heavy-weight sparring from Curtis, '90. In the third round Curtis made a terrible pass at Ashe, who assisted back to the "square" and immediately sent a hot one at Ashe. The latter again retaliated by planting another with his right on the same place as before, rendering Curtis *Aors de combat*.

**Tom Allen, who is now keeping a saloon in St. Louis, has had a letter from one of Jim Smith's friends in England. He says that the Britishers are in dead earnest, and will back the man for \$10,000 and as much more as Sullivan is willing to put up. Smith's only condition will be that the fight shall be with bare knuckles under prize ring rules.** Allen says that Sullivan won't fight that way, that he hasn't a good knuckle on his right hand, and that he can't harder with a glove on than without it. There are three places picked out where the fight can take place without interruption, and Sullivan will be given his choice.

**The sporting writers who have been boozing Dominick McCaffrey as John L. Sullivan's successor must be greatly taken back by their champion's defeat by Pat Farrell, who boxed in the role of an amateur before he met McCaffrey. The Police Gazette never classed McCaffrey as the next best man to the emperor of pugilism. Sullivan will not have to wear cape or attend McCaffrey's funeral march from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. It will, however, be in order for the sporting writers of Pittsburg, Philadelphia and this city who have been afflicted terribly with McCaffrey's disease to wear mourning for the loss of "a champion" to write about.**

**At St. Paul, Minn., on March 19, there was a well-contested 10-round glove fight between Black Frank and the Black Pearl, 4-ounces gloves were used. From the start to the finish it was give and take, and at the end of the tenth round both men were exhausted. The exhibition did not demonstrate the superiority of either, they being about evenly matched. The seventh round was the severest of any. It was a constant and a rapid exchange of blows. Frank got in some terrible hits in the Pearl's stomach and**

received several stunning upper cuts in return. The Pearl was very groggy when time was called. The next two rounds the men sparred for wind, and in the tenth went at each other hammer and tongs. It was a rattling mill. Both were badly punished and completely winded. La Blanche, the referee, declared it a draw.

**Frank J. Dittman, of St. Paul, who stands 5 feet 4 inches and weighs 94 pounds, has won twelve glove contests at St. Paul, and he is only fifteen years old. He writes:** "I will fight any boy in America under sixteen years of age and of 100 pounds weight, for anything from \$100 to \$500 a side, with or without gloves, to a finish or a stipulated number of rounds, within three weeks after signing articles of agreement, the same contest to take place anywhere the acceptor may name. Richard K. Fox to be the final stakeholder and to appoint the referee and name the battleground, if the acceptor agrees. I have a man here in St. Paul who will back me for any amount of money."

**Arthur Chambers, the old time Manchester pugilist,** is having a good time in the land of big things. Chambers sent me a somewhat amusing incident a few days ago, which will be appreciated by people who knew the victim. Almost everybody in Philadelphia knows Jim Dawson. Jim, it appears, has given up his public, and every Saturday evening used to make from \$10 to \$20 by taking a couple of boxers down to Wilmington, Del., to show at a variety theatre. After a while Jim ran across Jack Ashton, and took him down there. Jack was a little better sized than the majority of men in his life, and being favorably impressed with the appearance of the place, sought the proprietor and softly whispered: "How much for a half interest?" "Five hundred dollars," was the reply, and Jack purchased, shutting Dawson out for all time. "Well, — bill me," quoted Jim, when he heard of the deal, "I haven't lost a bloomin' good livin' through that cuss. Next time I takes a folter anywhere, I'm going to stand 'em on 'is head, to see as he ain't got the stuff about 'im." — The Umpire (Manchester, Eng.), March 6.

**The "Police Gazette" correspondent at Butte City, Mont., sends the following: A prize fight was decided here on March 6 between Billy Lynn and Jack Lawrence, about the hour 7:30, at the Road House, in a deserted hoisting works near by. Jerry Clifford was selected referee. Robert Haislop, better known as Bob Hightop, a local sport, was selected as timekeeper. Jack Waite, second for Lynn; Jim Bates, second for Lawrence.**

**Round 1—Lawrence led off by hitting Lynn on the nose. First blow for Lawrence, Lawrence forcing the fighting until time was called.**

**2—Lawrence forcing the fighting, having all the best of it; Lynn standing up bravely. Time called.**

**3—Lynn still fighting at a disadvantage, face like a porterhouse steak. Lawrence forcing him towards his (Lynn's) corner. A clinch, breaking away; Lynn raised a mouse over Lawrence's eye; Lawrence retaliated by hitting Lynn on the point of the chin, knocking him out.**

**The fight was declared in favor of Lawrence. The fight was with fingerless kid gloves.**

**The "Umpire," England, says: Jim Smith and Charlie Mitchell finished a week's show at the Folly, Manchester, Eng., and it will probably grieve them to find that Manchester audiences are not quite the people they imagined. The two gladiators have made a successful tour hitherto, and have managed to raise in a decent amount of public money for their fifteen minutes' show. If the shows at the other towns were anything like those here, we stand and wonder why the people crowded in to see them. When a couple of pugilists get together to exhibit, the audience demand something heavier than feather tape; yet this has been the policy of these gentlemen during the week. They gave out they would spar, and spar they did. A more pitiable exhibition of static art was never witnessed. Smith ranks as champion of England, and yet there seemed a tacit understanding between Mitchell and him that they should not hit each other. Smith utterly disappointed his friends. Many people went there prepared to admire Smith, and to back him to stand up for the honor and glory of England, but he sent them away enemies. The amount of gush expended over Smith by the London sporting papers was absolutely disgusting. His boxing—if this show be a sample—is about the clumsiest ever seen; and it seemed as if Mitchell was afraid to knock the popularity out of him by touching him. Smith seemed to pummel away at Mitchell's chest and neck, but it is hardly an exaggeration to say that Mitchell never hit him once when the champion asked for it. Oh, it was cruel!**

**An English exchange says: "A good deal of talk is going forward in American fighting circles about the match between Dempsey and Burke. Most of our readers will remember the latter. The former claims to be the undefeated middle-weight, and times without number a match between the pair has been talked of, but though the former has, by means of side remarks and innuendoes, shown that he will not say no to a good chance of a match, Burke has remained perfectly silent, and even when approached remains non-committal. When the pair were in California recently an athletic club offered to raise \$2,500 for them to fight for, but this was refused and double the amount demanded. It is now said that the sum asked can be raised and that without trouble. Here is a chance which it would seem the boys should jump at. Burke, however, has settled in business, and this, of course, is a very good reason for desisting to enter into any matches at present. Dempsey, however, is more anxious to meet McCaffrey than any one, and it is somewhat significant that the latter should have found it convenient to take a trip to Florida as soon as the time came for Dempsey to visit the Quaker City." Dempsey is no more anxious to meet McCaffrey than any one other pugilist. Dempsey is looking for the money, and the pugilist who can get the stakes will have no trouble in getting on a match with the redoubtable Jack. Burke knows this only too well. Possibly it will be news to the English exchanges that the latter should have found it convenient to take a trip to Florida as soon as the time came for Dempsey to visit the Quaker City." Dempsey is no more anxious to meet McCaffrey than any one other pugilist. Dempsey is looking for the money, and the pugilist who can get the stakes will have no trouble in getting on a match with the redoubtable Jack. Burke knows this only too well. 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## THE REFEREE.

## His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I have been informed that Tim Collins, the famous English pugilist, who in 1871 fought Billy Edwards at East New York for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship, is still an inmate of the Northampton, Mass., insane asylum. Collins came to this country in 1868 with a greatastic record, and if he had left the bottle alone he would not be in a lunatic asylum.

We have received several communications, from time to time, for a record of Collins' battles, and as a matter of news we publish it.

**Collins was born on Dec. 25, 1845, at Blackpool, Cork, Ireland. He was employed by Ben Caunt, one of the long line of English champions, and learned to box at his sporting drum in St. Martin's Lane, London. Collins stands 5 feet 5½ inches in height, and when he was only 14 years of age he entered the ring and defeated Pickett after a game battle, which Pickett says lasted 1 hour 30 minutes; Jesse Hatton's Spider in 1 hour 30 minutes; Tim proving there was no flies about him, and pocketing the "tenner" at issue. The Blackpool boxer succeeded in placing Croon Aors du combet for a ten-spot in just 2 hours. Bob Dackem next tackled Collins, and the result was a draw after milling 2 hours 6 minutes.**

The above battles were gotten up impromptu, no accounts further than we here give have been preserved. Dackem is the same party who fought Billy Hawkes, Tom Porter, Jimmy Skipper, alias Stiff 'un, and Jack Parton.

**Jerry Hawkes, one of the noted Hawkes' brothers, known as "The Neperiel of the Surrey," was selected as the highest of the little "uns" of the London school to lower the colors of Collins. Hawkes was backed by Bill Tappers. "The Greyhound," Waterloo road, London; and Bob Travers backed Collins. Patsey Headon trained Hawkes, who stood 5 feet 5½ inches and was then 22 years of age. Travers looked after Collins' preparatory exercises.**

**At 6 A. M. on Nov. 17, 1863, the start was made from one of the London railway stations, and after a six hours' trip a bit of favorable turf was found and a ring pitched, with Hawkes, who had then fought Owens, Morris and Morse, the favorite at 6 to 4.**

**Hawkes, for his height, was rather long and lathy, of the greyhound type, while Collins was broad, thick-set and had strong timber for one of his weight. "He messed about" for a short time, trying to get on the long-armed Lambeth boy's ribs, but Hawkes was as quick as a flash, and in a very short time had Collins bleeding from his mouth with right, and left eye with left duck, which was as small and shapely as a woman's.**

**The first round was ended with the Londoner the under dog, but not until he had played a reveille all over Collins' face.**

**Collins repeatedly tried to be on at the body with his left and made many upper cuts at his livelier adversary, getting poked and patted again, until Collins' eyes, nose and mouth were all bleeding at one time. He fell in the fifth, and in the sixth was thrown, being very wild and misjudging in his attempt at deliveries.**

**In the eighth, Collins, like a good game 'un that he was, busted in and gave Hawkes one on the throat, and another on the mouth; but they had little sting in them, and he was floored for his assurance, Hawkes taking five to one that he won without a black eye.**

**Although Hawkes had but one hand to work with, his left having now become entirely useless for hitting purposes, Hawkes kept the whip hand all through, Collins showing a superabundance of pluck and stamina, but little of that which counts better than all—first-class science.**

**Collins continued to struggle desperately for a turn of the tide until the twenty-second round, when, after fighting 3 hours 10 minutes, the sponge was thrown up from Collins' corner, and Jerry Hawkes, with not so much even as a black eye, was hailed the conqueror.**

**Hawkes' last fight was with Jack Lead, one of Jim Mac's school, and he died in London October 8, 1870, aged thirty-eight.**

**Seventeen months elapsed before Collins again entered the arena. He was then matched against Bob Furze, a pugilistic star who was shining brightly through his determined goes with Ted Napper and Abe Hicken, and of whom Timothy got somewhat jealous. Things were soon brought to a head between Collins and Furze, and articles were signed for them to fight in the London district for £25 a side, at 116 pounds, on April 13, 1865.**

**Bob's birthplace was Steppen, Nov. 11, 1842, and his stature 5 feet 5½ inches. Joe Goss' brother-in-law, Tom Atkins, trained Furze with Callaghan's experience as an offset in bringing Collins to the mark.**

**The battle was fought in Surrey. Only three rounds were fought. Furze twirling Collins down in the first, and a summary stop was put to it by the police. Time, 19½ minutes.**

**A round and a half had been worried through in the second ring when the owner of the ground drove up to the crowd on horseback and ordered them to clear out. His orders were received with leers and laughter, and he had the pleasure of seeing his countrymen draw blood from Collins' mouth with the left in the sixth round, when the police again arrived, and they were driven off in the tenth round, after 34½ minutes, and finding the M. P.'s were determined to prevent the mill they concluded to return to London.**

**The men faced each other again on April 15, when, after 9 rounds in 32 minutes, the police were on hand again, and, as on the first day, were compelled to go farther on, and 47 more rounds in 1 hour 44 minutes were got over with, and the annoying blue bottles showed up again, their vigilance being especially obnoxious to the managers of the affair, who said they might have saved money by fighting in a sparring room in the heart of the city.**

**In ring the third, after fighting three tedious rounds, Collins found he had undertaken a harder job than he could finish, and candidly acknowledged he could fight no more.**

**Collins' next battle occurred on April 10, 1866, when he was matched to fight Joe Bent, a son of Mickey Bent, of Leicester, who stood 5 feet 5½ inches, for £25 a side, Collins being backed from Nat Langham's. They were originally confined to 116 pounds, but as Collins couldn't get there it was agreed to have a go at catch weight, and each weighed about 121 pounds.**

**The excursion from London was by rail and water, and the site selected about 3 hours' journey from the metropolis, the ring being pitched by Tom Oliver's son, Fred, and Fuggy White.**

**Ned Donnelly and Job Cobley went into the ring behind Bent, and Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, and George Isles seconded Collins. Betting, 6 to 4 on the novice, and the ructions began at 9:40 A. M.**

**Bent gained first blood in the first round, but he was tallied in the third by drawing the cork from Bent's snifter and raising a mouse on his right eye, and threw him down into the bar-gain.**

**In the fifth the betting changed to 6 to 4 on Collins, champion.**

who was very gay, full of guff, and planted four times in succession on the somewhat fleshy mug of young Bent, both rolling down together at the finish.

**There was a little turn in favor of the novice in the eighth, by his tossing the experienced Collins off the breast amid oaths from Bent's side of the ring. Collins stirred his stumps a little in the next, and after pasting Bent on various parts of his fat head swung him head over heels.**

**The battle continued on pretty much the same way until 2 hours and 16 minutes had elapsed, when a policeman made his appearance and ordered them to move on.**

**When they entered the second ring Bent's father tried to coax Collins' backers into a draw, but, as the latter was scarcely marked and the other all over bruises, they rejected the overture, unless Collins got all the blunt. After an unsuccessful series of attempts to stem the current, which was strong against him, Jack Hicks, who had taken Cobley's place, shied up the signal of defeat, and Collins was hailed the conqueror after eighty-seven gallant rounds, in 3 hours 29 minutes.**

**Collins showed off better in this contest than any of the previous ones, taking a decided lead and maintaining it throughout, and was probably never in better condition before or since.**

**Jimmy Rawling, who fought Euff, Jack Duffin and George Fletcher, was Collins' next victim, Timothy disposing of him in twenty-one rounds, lasting 1 hour 4 minutes, near London, May 30, 1868, for £50.**

**Bill Gillam, of Brighton, who figured in ten regular battles, and was considered as being put on the shelf, had a kowt with Collins at the Heading races, and the betting men, as usual, from the earliest times,liking to see a variety of sport, chipped in for ten sovereigns, when Collins beat the veteran, who was then thirty-five, stood 5 feet 5½ inches, in fifteen rounds, lasting 30 minutes, but Gillam said:**

**"I can't understand it, we know—There must have been summit wrong, for I'll be aanged if he could do it again."**

**They saw each other later on the same day for another purse given by the racing men, and this time the saucy Gillam was done up in ten rounds and 25 minutes. These two glorious events for Collins took place June 15, 1868, being only sixteen days after his battle with Rawling.**

**After Collins' victory over Gillam he decided to come to this country, and on his arrival he was made quite a hero. He lost no time in trying to arrange a match after his arrival, and he issued a challenge to fight Billy Edwards, who was then the light-weight champion of America, at 124 pounds, for \$1,000 a side.**

**Edwards accepted the challenge and the match was arranged. Edwards had twice beaten Sam Colyer, and at that time was twenty-seven years of age and stood 5 feet 5½ inches in height. Great interest was manifested over the match.**

**The battle was fought at East New York, L. I., on May 25, 1871. George Seddons, the well-known pugilist of Leeseter, Eng., and Owney Geoghegan seconded Collins, while Bob Smith, of Liverpool, the well-known trainer and boxer, attended Edwards, with Hugh, better known as Butt Eiley, and George Leese, better known as Snatchem, was referee.**

**Edwards gained the first knock-down in the first, sending Collins off his pins in the next also, while Tim was awarded first fall in the third, in which round Billy severely injured his left manley, rendering it almost useless. After the fifth round Edwards was down nearly every time, being either thrown, knocked down or going down to avoid.**

**Edwards took the lead in nearly every round until the end of the ninety-fifth, when 2 hours 15 minutes had been consumed, and owing to the darkness Snatchem ordered it discontinued, to be renewed the next day.**

**Both principals, however, were arrested by Detectives Heidelberg and Dunn, and on May 27 were sentenced by Judge Dowling to one year's imprisonment on Blackwell's Island. In December of the same year they were released on a writ procured by Howe & Hammell, the famous criminal lawyers.**

**Tom McAlpine, who was Collins' umpire, was also sent to the island, but escaped by swimming across the river.**

**Collins was with Felix Larkin, the backer of Ned Baldwin, the Irish giant, the night Larkin, with the two O'Days, invaded a coffee and cake saloon in the Eighth Ward, New York, and raised a row with James Campbell, the proprietor, and was stabbed seven times fatally.**

**The rival female rifle shots, Miss Jennie Moore, better known as Madame Franklin, now the wife of W. B. Kennedy; Lillian Smith and Miss Annie Oakley are all in this city battling about who is the best marksman, and shooting at each other with pen, ink, paper and their tongues in a lively manner.**

**Wm. B. Kennedy claims that his wife can beat the world, and offers to match her to shoot against either Miss Lillian Smith or Miss Annie Oakley, but there is little prospect of a match, for outside of Miss Annie Oakley there is no one who would dare put up money to shoot against Lillian Smith, who is, with the exception of Miss Annie Oakley, the premier with a rifle, and no challenge or statement published or made by any other female shot or her agent can injure or affect the facts and performances that have been accomplished by either Miss Lillian Smith or Miss Annie Oakley.**

**Besides, the latter are ready to put up their money that they can defeat any female wing shot in the world.**

**I never had the least idea that an amateur like Pat Farrell would conquer Dominick McCaffrey.**

**What a set-back it must have been for the numerous Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Pittsburg critics, who have been for the past two years writing and furnishing long screeds of the doings of the pugilists, with a great mixturre of McCaffrey for a condiment.**

**Where does "Macon's" musing come in, recently published in the Sun and the Philadelphia News? Why, they prove that he was afflicted with McCaffreyism, and that his judgment of the ability of pugilists amounts to nothing.**

**I always allowed that McCaffrey was a clever, scientific boxer, and quite gentlemanly; but I could never stand him as second on the pugilistic ladder, and time and again when the scribes, terribly afflicted with the McCaffrey championship mania, have been boozing him as the next best man to John L. Sullivan, I published they did not know what they were writing about.**

**I never even said in these columns that he was in the championship class.**

**The would-be prize ring prophets who write under nom de plume did claim even that he could whip Sullivan.**

**Therefore, I do not see that I should wear crapes or mourn over McCaffrey's defeats in Philadelphia, which the balance of the know-all prize ring critics who write merely on guess work will be compelled to do.**

**It has been an open secret for some time past among the intimate friends of Champion John L. Sullivan that the big man is becoming tired of pugilism and wants to get into some other profession for which he believes himself to be especially adapted.**

**He has easily vanquished every man who has stood before him, and has no further honors to gain in that field. The knocking out of ambitious aspirants to pugilistic fame has become monotonous to John L., and he would fain lay down the gloves for a while and give some other man an opportunity to call himself champion.**

## LATEST SPORTING.

**Mike Lucie of Philadelphia, now at Troy, N. Y., is matched to fight an unknown with skin gloves.**

**On March 15, Ulster County fowls crowded over Orange County chanticleers in a cocking-mat at Mariborough, N. Y.**

**A bill permitting pool selling for a small fine passed by the New Jersey Assembly on March 15, by a vote of 36.**

**Paddy Ryan is the saw-dust bag of his profession. He is carried about by slingers to be punched for their exercise.**

**The new baseball rules say that the home plate must be of rubber. This will make the decisions of the umpire more elastic than ever.**

**Sullivan continues to receive challenges from various parties who are eager to make a reputation by facing the champion, relying upon the interference of the police to save them from a good drubbing.**

**The American Association are about to wring an all aged hose into their organization, and to cap the climax they intend handicapping the poor beast with a worn out jockey. Of course we refer to Cleveland and Williams.**

**Edward Hanlan is stopping at Boston, and training from the Crescents Boat Club house, President Fox having tendered the use of the club boat and boats. Hanlan evidently means to get in the very best possible condition for his coming race. He will use the boat built for him by Blaikie of Cambridge for practice, and is having two new singles built—one by Blaikie and one by M. Davis of Portland. The presence of Hanlan on the Charles will be a boom for boating in Boston. He will be accompanied in his daily spin by George H. Hosmer, and will make the Parker House his headquarters, as the guest of Mr. Beckman.**

**We have received so many letters regarding the new baseball rules that we have decided to publish them with a comprehensive resume showing the points of difference in the old schedule and the new. The title to the new code is as follows: "National Playing Rules of Professional Baseball Clubs." The positions of the first and third bases are changed so as to put the bags entirely on fair ground. Hereafter these bags will be so placed that the foul line will run along the outer side of the bags. This change was made to remove the opportunity for "kicking" as to whether balls knocked down the line passed fair or foul over the bag. The Association rule requiring two balls to be furnished for each game was adopted. The object of this being to save the delay of waiting for the return of a ball knocked off the grounds or under the seats. The last ball in play at the close of game is to become the property of the winning club, as a trophy. Hereafter no one except the manager and players in uniform are allowed on the field; even officers of the home clubs are prohibited, except that, in case of a disturbance or row, they may go on the grounds to assist in restoring order. The American Association rules were adopted prohibiting the use of spikes and providing that no less than nine men shall be allowed to play in any championship game. The "high" and "low" ball is abolished, and hereafter there will be but one ball, "a fair ball," which is defined as being a ball delivered over any portion of the plate and anywhere between the knee and shoulder. The object of this change was to make the duties of the umpire more simple and remove the cause for so much kicking as to whether the ball was too low or too high. Since this abolition of the high and low ball gave the pitcher a double amount of territory in which to "work" the batter, and thereby gave him an advantage, it became necessary to equalize matters in some way and give the batter something in return for the privilege of choosing a high or low ball, which had been taken from him, and so he was given an additional strike, four strikes being allowed in place of three. The number of bad balls which gave the batter a base is reduced from six to five, for the reason that the pitcher having a double space to pitch into he should not require as many chances. By this arrangement, too, the game is neither shortened nor lengthened, the pitcher having exactly the same number of balls to deliver, it being now five and four instead of six and three. The American Association rule is adopted bodily with these words added: "And shall include any motion made to deceive a base runner." There is a new rule defining what is called a "block ball." This provides that when a ball is touched, handled or stopped by any spectator or person not engaged in the game, it is to be declared a block ball, and no one can be put out with it until the ball has been first returned to the pitcher in the box. In the meantime the runners are at liberty to run until this is done. A batter securing his base on balls will hereafter be scored a base hit. This is done to stop the practice some pitchers have of giving certain batters whom they fear, a base on balls in preference to allowing them to hit a ball, and thereby injuring the batter's average and not affecting his own. Hereafter he may give the base on balls if he desires, but his average will suffer accordingly. Any obvious attempt to bunt, push or knock the ball foul will be scored a strike. This is to avoid the practice some players have of delaying the game by knocking fouls. The umpire will hereafter be the sole judge of the sickness or injury of any player, and as to whether or not he shall be permitted to withdraw from the game. The Association rules giving choice of innings to home club and allowing the home club to stay whether the game is to be continued or not, are retained. The Association rule adopting only the base-runner to be addressed, and then only by words of proper caution or warning is adopted. This rule is so worded as to prevent the coacher from making use of any expressions which in any way reflect upon, or are intended to confuse or embarrass any player in the field. The Association rule not allowing over two bases on a fair ball knocked over any fence at a less distance than 210 feet from the home plate is adopted. The umpire cannot thereafter reverse his decision. The system of scoring adopted is exactly that of the Association, except that upon a base on balls a hit and time at the bat are given. Each club shall hereafter be required to present at least one extra man on the field in uniform, and in case a player is injured during the game only a substitute in uniform shall be allowed to take the place of the injured player, the purpose of this being to avoid long waits incident to a change of player. The Association rule declaring a runner out if he interferes with a batted ball, or if he intentionally interferes with a thrown ball, is adopted. The pitcher's box is reduced in size to five and one-half by four feet. The pitcher's rules are in the following words: "The pitcher shall take his position facing the batter, with both feet squarely on the ground, the right foot on the rear line of the box, his left foot in advance of the right to the left of an imaginary line from his right foot to the center of the home plate. He shall not raise his right foot until in the act of delivering the ball, nor make more than one step in the delivery. He shall hold the ball before delivering fairly in front of his body, and in sight of the umpire. In the case of left-handed pitchers, the words of left and right are to be reversed. When the pitcher feigns to throw the ball to a base, he must resume the position and pause momentarily before delivering the ball to the base." It will appear that the purpose of this rule is to keep the pitcher in the box, and make any bunting so apparent that any one can see it. These are two matters that bring about so much complaint and kicking from players and spectators as to very considerably mar and destroy the pleasure of the game, the rule, as adopted, will eradicate these things and thereby increase the interest in the game accordingly. It will be found that the legislation as regards pitching does not in the least handicap the pitcher. He is not given double territory in which to place his ball, but he is allowed to choose for himself what kind or style of ball he will deliver. For instance, Ramsey has a drop ball which is almost invincible, but the batters avoided it by calling for a high ball. Under the law now Ramsey can pitch every batter his low ball, and he must strike at it. This gave the pitchers such an undue advantage as to make it necessary to equalize matters by giving the better something additional, and so the strikes and balls were increased and reduced on each.**

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## AGENTS WANTED.

**A smart, energetic man wanted in EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA to sell the "Police Gazette" where there is no regular newsdealer. Sample Copies and Advertising matter MAILED FREE on application.**



BOSTON ASTHETES.

THREE BEANTOWN BELLES VISIT THE SCENE OF THE RECENT RAILROAD WRECK  
AND COLLECT RELICS.



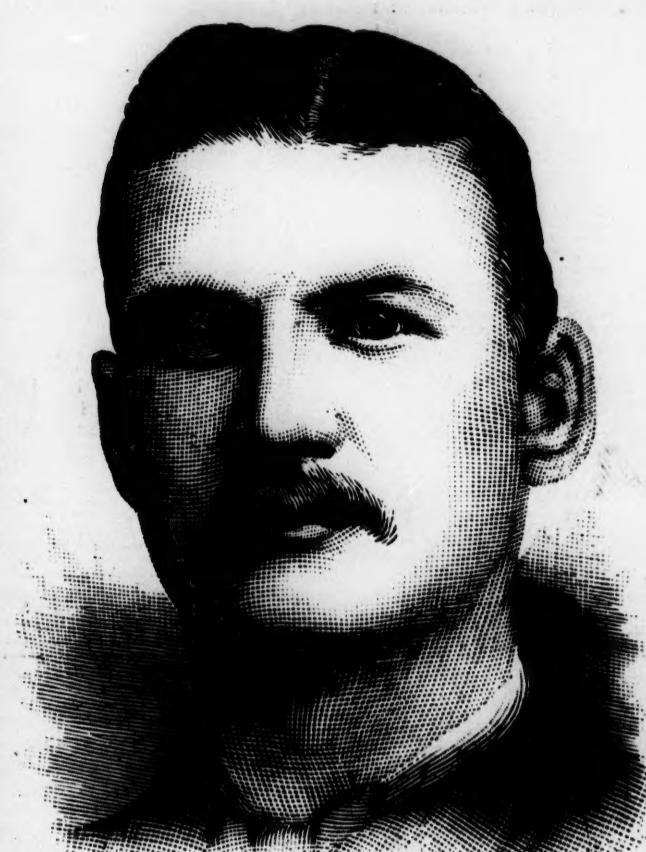
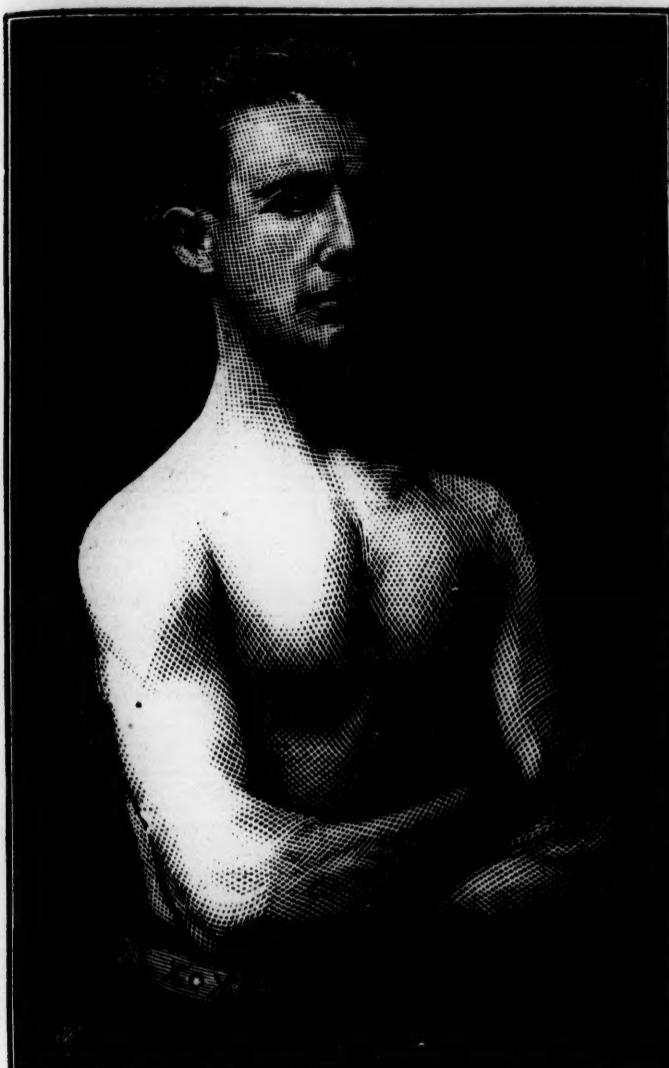
THE CANADIAN STYLE.

HOW A PRETTY WORKER OF DRY GOODS STORES PANNED OUT IN THE HANDS  
OF HER SEARCHERS.



OUT WITH THE BOYS.

A NEW YORK "SAWCIETY" DAMSEL MAKES UP HER MIND TO SEE THE MUNICIPAL ELEPHANT.



JIMMY MITCHELL,

NOW MATCHED TO FIGHT PADDY SMITH OF BROOKLYN FOR  
THE "POLICE GAZETTE" DIAMOND BELT.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS,

A RETIRED CHAMPION PUGILIST AND BACKER OF JIMMY  
MITCHELL.



ALFRED SAMUELSON FRANKLIN,

THE CHAMPION SKATER OF NORWAY.

A CHAMPION COLLEY.

BOYBOY, A. K. R. 2,961 PRIZE WINNER AT THE RECENT BUFFALO SHOW.



THE CHAMPION BOBS.

COHOES' JOLLY TOBOGGANING CLUB AND ITS MAMMOTH COASTER RICHARD K. FOX.

## PICK DAVIS' MAGNETIC TABLE.

A Place of Furniture on Which the Owner Won Thousands Throwing Dice.

A correspondent writes from Hanford, Cal.: For ten years past there has stood in the corner of the billiard room of the principal hotel in this town a rickety old card table. Its worthlessness caused it to remain in the place during the changes of the hotel's many proprietorships. It was a round table covered with an old gray army blanket, tacked to the edge through a long strip of leather. At regular distances were four pieces of tin clumsily nailed down for the players to lay their lighted cigars on. In late years its four rudely made legs were so shaky that no one cared to set his chips on the table, and it was chiefly used by the guests to throw their coats and hats on when they went to their meals. For a long time the present proprietor always said when he looked at the table that he "intended to clear it out to-morrow and get a new one," but somehow this was not done until lately; perhaps then only because people began to wear their coats on the nails, and their impromptu remarks on the subject tended to complicate matters.

It was after a double-barrel explosion of this kind the other day that the proprietor told his bartender to cut the cover off the table and make kindling wood of the cussed thing. The bartender whipped out his knife and began to carve the blanket. He had just made one savage slash and had started a second when his knife struck against something metallic. He then ripped the cover off and found a steel plate nine inches long and six inches wide, which was set flush into the table. The plate was about a foot from the edge and pierced with a dozen holes. Every one wondered what it was for, and an old townsmen remembered that the table had been brought there from Virginia City years ago, and presumed it was used it the early days to play some kind of cribbage. When the table began to be chopped up a light was thrown on the character of the table; for underneath the top, concealed on a little shelf by one of the legs, were a small battery, coils of wire, and some complicated machinery connected with one of the tin plates. These were covered with rust and dust.

The old townsmen remembered seeing in the days gone by a man named Pick Davis win \$7,000 at dice on that very table, from a cattle man, in about fifteen seconds, besides picking up sundry thousands and hundreds at other times from those who were gamblers inclined. Two drunks also caused the old townsmen to suddenly recollect that Davis came down to Muscat Slough—as Hanford was called then—from Virginia City with big reputation as a "dip-chucker," and the boys came in from far and near to buck him. It was said that Davis had won over \$100,000 at dice in the mines, where he was called "lucky Pick." As he was not found out in his play he is alive to day, but he has changed his name and owns a big ranch in the San Joaquin valley. So it is seen that one way to wealth and respectability has been for a "sure thing man," in the discovery of a magnetic outfit, to do up people with dice, and not to get caught because he got in his work single banded.

## THE NUMBER OF JEWS IN THE WORLD.

Concerning the figures of the entire Jewish population on the globe there is a difference of opinion among the statisticians, but the "Hebrew Annual" declares that France contains 600,000; Germany 362,000, of whom 30,000 inhabit Alsace and Lorraine; Austria-Hungary, 1,644,000, of whom 650,000 are in Galicia and 638,000 in Hungary; Italy, 40,000; Netherlands, 52,000; Roumania, 265,000; Russia, 2,592,000; Russian Poland, 768,000; Turkey, 105,000; Belgium, 3,000; Bulgaria, 40,000; Switzerland, 7,000; Denmark, 4,000; Spain, 1,000; Gibraltar, 1,500; Greece, 3,000; Servia, 3,500; Sweden, 3,000.

In Asia there are 300,000 of the race; Turkey in Asia has 195,000, of whom 35,000 are in Palestine, 47,000 are in Russia Asia, 18,000 in Persia, 34,000 in Central Asia, 1,000 in India, and 1,000 in China. In Africa 8,000 Jews live in Egypt, 35,000 in Tunisia, 35,000 in Algeria, 60,000 in Morocco, 6,000 in Tripolis, 200,000 in Abyssinia.

America counts 220,000 among her citizens, and 20,000 more are distributed in other sections of the transatlantic continent; while only 12,000 are scattered through Oceania. In short, the entire total of the Hebrew race on the surface of the globe is estimated at 1,000,000.

## LAWLESSNESS ON THE BORDER.

Our correspondent, writing from Brownsville, Tex., March 18, says: Sunday last Castillo Lazares, a butcher, was arrested on a charge of fighting, he having two slight knife wounds in his breast. After some trouble it was discovered that his assailant, Jose Lopez, had disappeared. Active search had been made on both sides of the river for Lopez, who was discovered in an abandoned hut in the chaparral above town, horribly beaten about the head and cut by knives. He says he was enticed out from the city Saturday night by Castillo, into the bush, and there they were met by three men and another disguised as a woman. That they got him drunk and then set on and beat him, leaving him for dead, but that he came to and crept to the hut, where he has been concealed. He is being kept steady, and Sheriff Brito is making every effort to capture the murderous gang.

## KILLED IN HIS BUGGY.

Our correspondent writes from Wichita Falls, Tex., March 18: News has reached this city to-day of a foul murder which occurred near the little town of Seymour, Baylor county. Mr. T. Turner and Mr. Sam Lazarus, two prominent stockmen of Knox county, were driving to Seymour from their Knox county ranches, when they were waylaid about three miles from the former place about eight o'clock in the evening by three unknown men and Turner was almost instantly killed.

Mr. Lazarus, who escaped as by a miracle, says that he and Mr. Turner were driving quietly in their buggy, when three men rode up on the right side of the vehicle, and drawing their weapons shot Turner. Lazarus then lashed the horses and dashed up the road, the three men following them and firing rapidly.

The jerking of the buggy soon threw the dead body of Turner into the road. As soon as this was discovered the murderers, after following the team some distance, gave up the pursuit. Lazarus then continued on his way until he reached Seymour, when it was found that both the horses had been shot and the body of the carriage fairly riddled with bullets. The body

of Turner was soon afterward found, shot in three places.

The murderers are supposed to be a brother and two of the confederates of Booth Brooken, who is in jail in Seymour on the charge of stealing cattle. Turner was the principal witness for the State against him, and it is believed that he was murdered for the purpose of suppressing his testimony. At this date no clue has been discovered as to the assassins.

## ALL RIKER'S PREPARATIONS

Are sold under the guarantee that if not found entirely satisfactory in every respect, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Which of the PATENT MEDICINES can be purchased on such terms? What can you buy but nostrums? RIKER'S SON, 355 Sixth avenue, near Twenty-second street, where they have been established for 40 years, are the most reliable druggists and manufacturing chemists in the United States.

## CURE FOR THE DRAB.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCOX, 355 Broadway, N. Y.

## RIKER'S TRIPLE EXTRACTS

Are nearly DOUBLE the strength of any imported or domestic. 1/2 oz. bottles, 4 1/2 oz. bottles, 75c.; 4 oz. bottles \$1.25; 8 oz. bottles \$2.15. RIKER'S, 355 Sixth avenue, one door south of Twenty-second street.

## TO ADVERTISING AGENTS.

Hereafter no commission will be allowed to any Agent who has not previously placed trade in these columns, or to any of the other publications, or until he settles my rate by the office, dividing the commission with the advertiser, it is evident agents can afford to transact business for a smaller percentage, and in order that they will maintain my price to their customers, the rate of commission on and after April 1, will be reduced to 10 per cent. upon all orders received on and after that date.

RICHARD K. FOX,  
Publisher Police Gazette,  
March 1, 1887.  
New York.

STONY CREEK, Conn., Aug. 8, 1886.

MR. RIKER:—DEAR SIR: After using one bottle of your Compound Camphorine I found it just the thing for me, and I would like you to send me two more bottles. Send them C.O.D. at once. If you please, and oblige. Yours truly,

W. HAYNES, Box 46.

LITTLE BROWN JUG WATCH CHARM.

Ready to attach to chain. It catches the boys, and it catches the girls. Send 10c. to A. MARSH, 68 Lake street, Chicago.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

MAHLER BROS.,  
Manufacturers of Ladies' Underwear,  
505 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, March 18, 1887.

GAZETTE pants out better now than when we started three years ago. We shall not miss a week this year. Yours truly,

MAHLER BROS.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers sending copy for blind advertisements must in all cases accompany their communication with a precise description of the goods they propose to sell.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

ALL Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

## TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes bearing (upon the outside) the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written length wise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they are of delivery.

Correspondence should be addressed against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance, post office orders can invariably be obtained and should be used exclusively.

## BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham: or, New York by Daylight and after Dark.

Man Traps of New York. A Full Expose of the Metropolian Swindler.

New York Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham.

New York Tombs; its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries.

Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published.

Paris by Gaslight. The Gay life of the gayest City in the World.

Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life.

Secret Society; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled.

Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actor and Actresses of America.

James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures.

Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen.

Cupid's Crimes; or, The Tragedies of Love. A history of criminal romances of passion and jealousy.

Famous Frauds; or, The Sharks of Society. The lives and adventures of famous impostors.

Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Expose of its Hidden Slang Dictionary of New York, London and Paris.

Compiled by a well-known detective.

Heathen China. His Virtues, Vices and Crimes. An account of the saffron slaves of California.

Guiteau's Crime. Full History of the Murder of President Garfield.

Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Guiteau's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence.

Critic's Aventures. Sequel to the Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer.

Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Ren Romance of Crime.

Faro Exposed. A Complete Expose of the Great American Game.

Lives of the Poisouers. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year.

Mabille Unmasked or the Wickedest Place in the World.

Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made Insanity An Excuse for Murder.

Boycotting. Avenging Ireland's Wrong. A true history of the Irish troubles.

Suicide's Cranks, or the Curiosities of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide.

Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.

SPORTING BOOKS.

The American Athlete. Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training.

Champion of the American Prize Ring. Complete History and Pictures of all the American Heavy Weights.

Life of Jim Mace, ex-Champion of England.

"John Morrisey, Pugilist, Sport and Statesman."

"John C. Heenan, with all his Battles."

"Tus Wilson, Champion Pugilist of England."

"Ed. Hanlan, America's Champion Oarsman."

Betting Man's Guide, or How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations.

All the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25c. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.

The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14½ inches each, and 24 inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT. EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

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The POLICE GAZETTE has

## JEWELRY.

NEW WATCH! JUST OUT!



The above set represents my fine, new, imitation gold Hunting-Case Watch. The cases are made of a metal that resembles **GOLD**; they are not polished, but are **ENGINE TURNED**, as it is called. They are also artistically engraved. They are finished with the best substitute for genuine gold ever discovered, and are **NOT GOLD**. They have the celebrated anchor lever movement, and are **NOT GOLD**. They are **NOT GOLD**.

Either of the above watches sent by registered mail, postpaid, upon receipt of price. One cent C. O. D. upon receipt of \$1, as an advance against the cost. Send **post-office money order**, registered letter, or deposit it with this paper until you receive the watch. Chains of fine rolled plate at \$1; charms, 50¢.

QUEEN CITY SUPPLY AGENT, Plainfield, N.J.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A GRAND OFFER of cheap reading. The N.Y. "Weekly News," 25 Park Row, every week, gives twelve pages of stories, rattling sensational articles, etc., making 624 large newspaper pages in a year. Only One Dollar per annum. For \$1.50 we send a genuine Webster's Illustrated Practical Dictionary, 1500 illustrations, 634 pages, nearly 700,000 words, elegantly bound, and the "Weekly News," one year. Address, N.Y. WEEKLY NEWS, P.O. Box 3785, N.Y.

F. H. BOOK.  
I guarantee to send you the old-time F. H. Book, (illustrated with engravings of men and maidens together). If not the original, money returned. Price, \$1.50; also Genuine French Transparent Playing Cards. Warranted richest in the market. Secreted views. Nature fully exposed. \$1.25 a pack. Book and cards, \$2. T. DAVIS, 79 Nassau St., N.Y.

## OLD-TIME SONGS.

Seven very songs, including "Winding Up Her Little Ball of Yarn," "Keyhole in the Door," "Under the Garden Wall," "Boring for Oil," and 3 others too rich to mention. Sent on receipt of 50 cents. T. DAVIS, 79 Nassau St., N.Y.

**FREE PRESCRIPTIONS** are to be found in the "SCIENCE OF HEALTH," for the speedy cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Despondency, etc. A copy of this book will be sent free, sealed, Address SCIENCE OF HEALTH, 130 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**MAIL OR EXPRESS.**  
F. H. Book, Fine Steel Engravings, price, \$1.50. Transparent Playing Cards of the F. H. Style, price, \$1.50 per pack. Book and Cards, \$2. I guarantee to send the genuine or money returned. W. SCOTT, 80 Nassau St., N.Y.

**"FROLICS OF MEN AND MAIDS"**  
The fanciest Book in the market. Illustrated with 42 full-page Spicy Colored Engravings showing men and women in R. H. Scenes. I guarantee to send the genuine Book or return money. Price \$1.00. T. VANWYCK, Box 16, No. 34 Church St., N.Y.

**LOVE** COURSHIP and MARRIAGE. Wonderful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single. The most interesting and instructive book ever written. This handsome book of 160 pages, mailed for only 25 cents by the Union Publishing Co., Newark, N.J.

**SECRETS OF NATURE EXPOSED.**  
**MARRIAGE GUIDE.** Private Guide to Marriage Life, showing (50 ENGRAVINGS) Birth, How, Why, What, and relations of Sexes. Send \$1. Bill to PAUL LEE & CO., BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

"THE MANUAL" in its 224 pages contains more valuable information than ever before put in book form. A constant companion. It is indispensable. Bound in English cloth. By mail, 50 cents. Address R. L. WATTS, Prospect, Ohio.

Night emissions, waste in the urine, permanently cured. Use Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, \$6 for \$3. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

14 SPIRITED Pictures, exhibiting a young couple in all sorts of antics "Before and After Marriage." 10c. ART AGENT, 20 Liberty St., New York.

Fancy Books, &c. Reliable House catalogue for stamp. T. VANWYCK, 43 & 45 Park Row, N.Y.

Rare Books. Send 2 cent stamp for Catalogue. R. C. CONROY, 10 Duane St., N.Y. Established 1853.

Maud's letter to Jennie one week after her marriage, with others, 30c. Garden City Novelty Co., Chicago.

Bar-Keeper's Guide, 50c. Box M, Plainfield, N.J. Catalogue for Stamp. Box M, Plainfield, N.J.

## SPORTING.

## THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the

## "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES,

which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be **SQUARELY FOUGHT** to the satisfaction of all parties.

Copies of these rules can be obtained **FREE** on application to RICHARD K. FOX.

"Police Gazette" Publishing House, Franklin Square, New York.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## MAN AND WOMAN.

Fancy Pictures for Gents. Man and Woman together; natural as life. Sold in sets of 12 for \$1. Guarantee them; exceedingly rich and the fanciest Pictures in this or any foreign market; one set (12) safely by mail. J. LIBERTY SUPPLY AGENT, 90 Nassau St., New York. Room 15, rear building.

## FRENCH!

Adventures of a French doctor with his female patients—a rare book—160 pages of fancy reading, choice old bits and 10 male and female illustrations. By mail well sealed, 50 cents; 3 books same nature, all different, for \$1. Mail or express. T. H. JONES, Post Office Box 302, Jersey City, N.J.

## TRY ONCE,

and you will be convinced that I have the Old-Time F. H. Book, \$2.50, also the Genuine French Transparent Playing Cards, \$2.50 per pack. To prove it, I will send you 10 best samples of the cards; also 10 of the illustrated pages of the F. H. Book on receipt of One Dollar. (Room 2), OLD-TIME BOOK AGT, 109 William St., N.Y.

## FREE.

For stamped directed envelope. Address, Old Time Book Agent, Room 2, 109 William street, N.Y.

The Magic Revealer. Do you wish to gaze on the mysteries of art or nature? Magnifies 1,000 times. Same as 25c.: 75c.; \$1: 1 dozen, \$1.50; \$2: \$2.50; \$3: \$3.50; well known. Money for agent.

The Secrets of Lola Montez.—Complete (pocket edition) plain English. Illus. natural as life. Strictly for boudoir reading. By Mail, well sealed, 50c.

Genuine Transparent Playing Cards, pack, \$1: 2. \$2.50: 6, \$4.00; 1 dozen, \$7.00; 4 best samples, 10c.

Spicy Book for Gents, 61 Illustrations, 25c.

15 Photographs of Female Beauties; in cabinet cards, 25 cents; 5 sets at \$1 dozen, 1.25, 100, 90.

SPICY! Six beautifully illustrated, fancy photographic cards, entitled "What Did She Mean?" "Key Hole in the Door," "Parlor Scene at 2 P.M.," "Hints to Young Ladies Learning the Machine," "Description of a Nuptial Night," and "Under the Garden Wall;" sent for 25c.; stamp taken. All of the above goods complete for \$2.00.

PURCHASING AGENCY, Box 178, Philadelphia, Pa.

## SPORTING MEN

A POCKET MUSEUM OF ANATOMY.

HUSH! You Can't Tell Them. Gents only. Five pieces 33 Gauzing Transparent Cards. "Hold to Light," secured views; male and female; old. Mailed secure, 50c. per pack, 2 packs, 90c.

Magic Mirror of Nature, magnifies 1,000 times racy scenes from life. French subjects, 25c. each: 3 for \$1. Old time Cabinets! (in act), natural as life, 3 best, 25c.

20 Spicy Photos from nature, pretty French girls rich and rare, in interesting positions, only 25c.

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